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# UTTARA RĀMA CHARITA,

A SANSKRIT DRAMA.

BY

BHAVABHÜTI. *650 A.D. Lévi p. 241*

*(Lévi, p. 246.  
characterisation)*

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH PROSE

BY

C. H. TAWNEY, M.A.,

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE, CALCUTTA.

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Second Edition.

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ADAPTED TO PUNDIT I. C. VIDYASAGARA'S EDITION OF THE TEXT.

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CALCUTTA:

THACKER, SPINK AND CO.

1874.



*with the translator  
kind regards*

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Translated also by F. Nève

See Journal asiatique - 7. xvii. 562

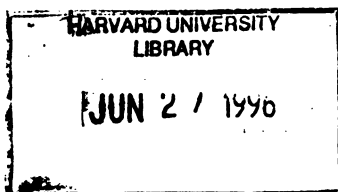
(1881)

See also the Nagpore edition.

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## PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

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As the first edition of this translation is exhausted, the Translator is compelled to infer that some University students have found it a help in preparing for their examinations. In the present edition the text of Pandit Içvara Chandra Vidyáságara has been carefully followed, and the translation is generally based upon his explanations. The Translator has endeavoured to give the literal meaning of the Sanskrit without dishing up Hindú ideas so as to make them agreeable to the taste of Europeans. This course has been adopted by Mr. Pickford in his version of the Mahá Vira Charita, and triumphantly defended by him in his preface. The present Translator concurs with him in the opinion that it is absurd to expect idiomatic English in a translation of a Sanskrit composition. To borrow his words : "We often find a compound word in Sanskrit which cannot be rendered into English except by a long and intricate sentence with a dependent relative clause for each epithet and allusion. Moreover, the frequent digressions and sudden transitions of Sanskrit compositions clearly mark them as alien from the thought and language of modern Europe. The canons which are with perfect fairness applied to modern versions of classical authors, are inadmissible with regard to translations from the Sanskrit." We must not be ashamed then if such phrases as the "feet of my father," "the stupefying weapons," and "limbs cool like a lump of snow" move the laughter of Englishmen unacquainted with Sanskrit :

"Nam risu inepto res ineptior nulla est."

*June 1874.*



## PREFACE TO FIRST EDITION.

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THE following translation is intended for the use of students preparing for the University Examinations. The object of the Translator has been to give the literal meaning of the original in tolerable English prose. The poetical translation of this play by Professor Wilson, though scholarly and spirited, departs too far from the original to be a trustworthy guide. The text followed in the translation is that published at Calcutta in 1862. An attempt has been made to furnish in notes a translation of the principal various readings of Pandit I. C. Vidyáságara's edition, which became known to the Translator when his work was almost completed. His best thanks are due to Babú Girisha Chandra Vandhyopádháya, with whom he first read the play, and also to Professors Maheça Chandra Nyáyaratna and Krishna Kamala Bhat-táchárya, who have given him many kind hints.

*December 1871.*



# UTTARA RÁMA CHARITA.

## PRELUDE.

NANDI.

WITH reverent salutation to the mighty bard of old, we make this request: May we obtain the immortal<sup>1</sup> goddess speech, who is a portion of the Supreme Spirit.

*After the Nāndi enter the Manager.*

*Manager.*—Let us have done with all unnecessary delay. To-day being the feast of the adorable Kálapriyanátha,<sup>2</sup> I hereby inform these honourable spectators of what is coming; let your lordships know—there is truly a poet of the name of Bhavabhúti, of the race of Kaçyapa, having as surname the word Çríkantha,<sup>3</sup> the son of a lady of the house of Játúkarna, possessing a complete knowledge of the science of the employment of words and phrases. The Uttara Ráma Charita will now be represented composed by him, on whom, being a Bráhman, this goddess speech attends like an obedient wife. Here I am turned for the occasion into a native of Ayodhyá, and a contemporary of Ráma (*looking round*). Well! if this is the festival of the inauguration of the great king Ráma, the consuming comet of the race of Pulastya,<sup>4</sup> when the music of joy should

<sup>1</sup> Some explain *amṛtám*, as honied, nectar-like. The mighty bard is Válmiki, an instance of the *pluralis majestatis*.

<sup>2</sup> A linga of Çiva at Ujaín called Mahákála, according to Arabic writers consecrated 930 A.D., destroyed 1281. (Dr. Bühler, Notes to Panchatantra, IV & V, p. 11.)

<sup>3</sup> Çríkantha—eloquent throat or as Pandit Içvara Chandra Vidyásagara explains it, in whose throat the goddess of speech ever dwells.

<sup>4</sup> Ravana was a descendant of Pulastya.

continue night and day, I should like to know why the actors are not at their occupation in the square courtyards set apart for dancing.

*Enter Actor.*

*Actor.*—The reason is, honored Sir, that the great-hearted monkeys and Rákshasas, who were Ráma's allies in the war of Lanká, as well as the priestly sages and the royal sages purifying by their presence various regions of the earth, who came to do honor to the great king, have been sent away by him from Ayodhyá to their homes; and it was for their entertainment that there was a festival for so many days. Moreover, the queens, the mothers<sup>1</sup> of Ráma, guided by Vaçishtha, and preceded by Arundhatí, have gone to the hermitage of their son-in-law in order to be present at a sacrifice.

*Manager.*—As I am a foreigner I ask—Who in the world is that son-in-law?

*Actor.*—The king Daçaratha begot a daughter, by name Çántá, whom he gave to king Lomapáda to be his adopted child. Her Rishyaçringa the son of Vibhándaka married, and he has now commenced a sacrifice which will last for twelve years. It is at his request that the venerable ones have gone thither, leaving their daughter-in-law, the daughter of Janaka, though far advanced in pregnancy.

*Manager.*—Well! what business is this of ours? Come, let us repair to the king's door to perform the duties of our<sup>2</sup> caste.

*Actor.*—Then devise, Sir, an unexceptionable form of panegyric with which to approach the king.

*Manager.*—Hear, my good actor. We may perform our duty as likes us best, for how can we attain freedom from

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<sup>1</sup> All the wives of Ráma's father are styled his "mothers." I have been obliged here to take a liberty with the English idiom. A similar difficulty occurs with the word *vadhú*.

<sup>2</sup> They belonged to the caste of Cháranas, compare the beautiful song in the Raghuvansa, Bk. V, stanza 66, beginning *rátrir gatá: matimatám vara muncha çayyám*.

blame? As of women so of compositions, men maliciously suspect the purity.

*Actor.*—Over maliciously, thou oughtest to say. For men speak evil even of the queen, the daughter of Videha's prince; the cause of their so doing is that she dwelt in the house of the Rákshasa; they distrust even the acquittal by the fiery ordeal.

*Manager.*—If this report were to come to the ears of the great king, the consequences would be very terrible.

*Actor.*—Assuredly, the Rishis and the divinities will provide for the best (*walking round*). Hola! where is the king now? (*listening*). This is what they say, "Janaka, who came through affection to congratulate Ráma, having spent these days in rejoicing, is to-day gone to Videha. The Queen being therefore despondent, the king, leaving the judgment seat, enters his dwelling-house to console her."

*Here ends the prelude.*

[*Exeunt Manager and Actor.*]

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## ACT I.

*Then Ráma and Sítá are discovered seated.*

*Ráma.*—Take comfort, queen! daughter of Videha's prince! for that revered father of thine cannot desert us. But indeed the household-state of those who keep up the sacred fire being full of distractions, interferes with their independence on account of its being necessary for them continually to attend to religious observances.

*Sítá.*—I know it, my lord! I know it. But separations from relations produce agony.

*Ráma.*—It is so. For these are the conditions of a worldly life, piercing the centre of the heart. It is through loathing for these that sages, deserting all objects of desire, seek repose in the forests.

*Enter Chamberlain.*

*Chamberlain.*—Rámabhadra! (*correcting himself in the middle of his speech with a look of fear*) Great king!



*Rāma (with a smile).*—Surely, my worthy friend, the title of Rāmabhadra sounds well when applied to me by my fatherly old serving-man, therefore speak as thou art wont.

*Chamberlain.*—King! Ashtāvakra has come from the hermitage of Rishyaçringa.

*Sítá.*—Why then, my lord, is there any delay about introducing him into the presence?

*Rāma.*—Cause him to enter quickly.

[*Exit Chamberlain.*]

*Enter Ashtāvakra.*

*Rāma.*—Reverend Sir! I respectfully salute thee, sit down here.

*Sítá.*—Reverend Sir! all honour to you. Are my revered mothers well with their son-in-law and the noble Çántá?

*Rāma.*—Is my soma-offering<sup>1</sup> brother-in-law the revered Rishyaçringa, and is the noble Çántá well?<sup>2</sup>

*Sítá.*—Does she remember us?

*Ashtāvakra (sitting down).*—Assuredly, queen! The reverend Vaçishtha, the spiritual guide of thy family, sends thee this message: “The revered goddess earth<sup>3</sup> gave thee birth; the King Janaka, who is equal to Prajāpati, is thy father; thou art the daughter-in-law, my fair child, of those kings of whose family the sun is the ancestor,<sup>4</sup> and I am the spiritual guide.”

Then what other prayer can we offer for thee? Only be a mother of heroes.

*Rāma.*—We are highly favoured. For with good men of the world the word attends upon the thing, but with primæval saints the thing quickly follows upon the word spoken.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Somapithi* (literally) = soma drinking.

<sup>2</sup> *Nirvighna* (literally) = free from obstacles, *i.e.*, in their religious duties.

<sup>3</sup> *Viçvambhará* (literally) = the all-sustaining one, compare Lucretius V. line 821. *Quare etiam atque etiam maternum nomen adepta Terra tenet merito, &c.*

<sup>4</sup> The double meaning of *guru* cannot be rendered in English. Perhaps “natural and spiritual father” would be the nearest approach to it.

<sup>5</sup> Good men of the world form an idea, and then endeavour to express it in speech, but the saint's word of might is quickly followed by the event predicted or desired. *A'dyánám* = primæval or excellent.

*Ashtāvakra*.—And this injunction was again and again given by the revered Arundhatī and the queens and Cāntā. Whatever thy queen's longing may be, thou surely oughtest quickly to gratify it.

*Rāma*.—It will be done if she only signify her wish.

*Ashtāvakra*.—And this message was sent to the queen by Rishyaçringa, the husband of her lord's sister : " Dear child, thou wast not brought hither, because thou art far advanced in pregnancy, and my beloved Rāmabhadra also has been left to delight thee, therefore I shall behold thee, fortunate<sup>1</sup> one, with thy lap son-laden."

*Rāma* (with a smile of joy and bashfulness).—So let it be. What message to me from the revered Vaçishtha?

*Ashtāvakra*.—Hear, oh king! " By the sacrifice of our son-in-law we are detained, thou art a child, and young is thy rule; be thou devoted to the pleasing of thy subjects, the glory therefrom arising is thy highest wealth."

*Rāma*.—It is as the reverend Maitrávaruni saith. Affection, pity, and happiness, yea and even, if fate so will, the daughter of Janaka—all these I am prepared to sacrifice without a pang in order to please my subjects.

*Sītā*.—It is because he is so minded that my husband supports the burden of the race of Raghu.

*Rāma*.—Who waits without? Ho! let the revered Ashtāvakra be caused to repose.

*Ashtāvakra* (rising and walking round).—Lo! the prince Lakshmana has arrived. (With these words exit *Ashtāvakra*.)

*Lakshmana*.—Let the king be victorious. That painter of whom I spoke has, with the help of my instructions, portrayed upon a series of panels<sup>2</sup> the exploits of the king. Therefore let the king look at them.

*Rāma*.—Thou knowest, my beloved brother, how to delight the queen in her hours of despondency. How far is my story represented in the picture?

<sup>1</sup> *A'yushmattī* is generally explained as equivalent to the Biblical phrase "O King, live for ever."

<sup>2</sup> Benfey explains it as "a hall." So also Monier Williams.

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*Lakshmana.*—As far as the clearing of the queen by the ordeal of fire.

*Ráma.*—Peace! What need has she who was purified<sup>1</sup> by her birth of other purifications? The water of holy places, and the fire, brook no purification from other things. Oh queen, that didst spring from a sacrifice<sup>2</sup> to the gods, forgive me! This disgrace which I inflicted on thee will last as long as thy life. The cruel world must be pleased by men whose wealth lies in the reputation of their family; hence that ungentle word which I spake, for it was not such as thou didst deserve: there is appointed for the sweet smelling flower, as naturally appropriate, a seat on the head, and not to be trampled under foot.

*Sítá.*—So be it, my lord, so be it. Come let us survey thy exploits. (*With these words she rises and walks round.*)

*Lakshmana.*—Here then is the picture.

*Sítá (observing it).*—Who are these standing in a dense mass above my husband, who seem to be praising him?

*Lakshmana.*—Queen, these are the magical stupefying weapons, which were handed down from the venerable Kriçásçva to Viçvámitra, and were presented by him to our noble king on the occasion of the slaughter of Tádaká.

*Ráma.*—Worship, queen, the divine weapons. To the seers of old time, Brahmá and others, having done penance for more than a thousand years<sup>3</sup> for the advancement of religious truth,<sup>4</sup> were revealed these weapons, being their own glories, the result of penance.

*Sítá.*—Honour to them! Honour to them!

*Ráma.*—Assuredly now they shall repair to thy sons.

<sup>1</sup> i.e., by the mode of her birth.

<sup>2</sup> Sítá sprang from the place prepared for the sacrifice (*Yajñabhūmi*). This is one of the reasons no doubt which lead Weber to suppose that the story of the Rámáyana is susceptible of an allegorical interpretation, and represents the spread of agriculture towards the south of India.

<sup>3</sup> *Çaradah* = (literally) autumns. So "summer" and "winter" are used in English poetry for year—compare Tennyson's "many-wintered crow."

<sup>4</sup> *Brahma*—probably means the Vedas. Some explain the passage—"for the sake of removing the obstacles which beset Bráhmans in their penance."

*Sītá.*—I am highly favoured.

*Lakshmana.*—Here is the scene at Mithilá.

*Sītá.*—Oh, here my husband is represented, to be distinguished by the beauty of his muscular body which is comely, soft, and resplendent, and dark like a young blue lotus just opening, having his charming grace beheld by my father motionless from wonder, as the boy with the circle of his face, beautiful with the lock of the warrior, breaks asunder with careless ease the bow of Çiva.

*Lakshmana.*—Noble lady ! behold.

Here is thy father, and Çatánanda, the family priest of the race of Janaka, saluting their connections by marriage Vaçishtha and others.

*Ráma.*—This should be looked at. To whom is the marriage relation between the families of Raghu and Janaka not delightful, in which the son of Kuçika is himself giver and receiver ?

*Sītá.*—Here are you the four brothers duly prepared for marriage, having just performed the auspicious ceremony of the Godána.<sup>1</sup>

Ah ! I remember :<sup>2</sup> I seem to be again in that very place, on that very occasion.

*Ráma.*—Even so. It seems to me to be again that time, charming one, when this hand of thine loaded with lovely bracelets, like a great festival in fleshly form, gladdened me, placed in mine by the son of Gotama.

*Lakshmana.*—Here is the queen. Here is the princess Mándaví, here is the bride Çrutakírti.

*Sītá.*—And who, dear brother, is this other lady ?

*Lakshmana* (*aside, with a bashful smile*).—Oh ! the queen asks about Urmilá. Good ! I will direct her attention to some-

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<sup>1</sup> According to Boehtlingk and Roth's Lexicon, the Godána was a ceremony performed with the beard of a young man in his 16th or 18th year, shortly before marriage. It should not be translated "bestowal of cows" as is done by Schlegel and Gorresio, although cows were given away in the ceremony. See Boehtlingk and Roth's Lexicon, s. v. Pandit I. C. Vidyáságara explains it as a kind of ceremony observed by Kshatriyas for the attainment of good fortune, consisting in the bestowal of cows.

<sup>2</sup> Or *Jáñmi* = *many*, i.e., I think, I am, &c.

thing else. (*Aloud*) Lady! behold what is worth seeing. Here too is the reverend son of Bhṛigu.

*Sītā (in confusion)*.—I tremble.

*Lakshmana*.—Lady, behold! this man by thy husband.

*Rāma (impatiently)*.—Dear brother! There is much to be seen, direct her attention to something else.

*Sītā (looking at him with affection and great respect)*.—My husband! This noble strain<sup>1</sup> of modesty becomes thee well.

*Lakshmana*.—Here we are arrived at Ayodhya.

*Rāma (weeping)*.—I remember. Alas! I remember. For those days when my revered father was alive, when my marriage was still a thing of yesterday, when we were kindly cared for by our mothers, those days are past for us. Moreover, then this daughter of Janaka, as a child, wearing a face the expression of which was engaging by reason of fine and not too dense locks waving round her cheeks, and bud-like teeth, kindled the interest of my mothers with her sweet limbs, which were delicately beautiful, radiant, of naturally graceful motion.

*Lakshmana*.—Here is Manthará.

*Rāma (without reply, passing to another point)*.—Oh queen, daughter of Videha's king! Here is that *ingudī* tree, in the city of Çringavera, where long ago our meeting took place with the friendly king of the Nishádas.

*Lakshmana (laughing to himself)*.—The king has passed over in silence the behaviour of Kaikeyí.

*Sītā*.—Here is the incident of knotting the locks.

*Lakshmana*.—That holy vow of a hermit was borne in his youth by my brother, which the members of the race of Ikshváku used to perform in their old age, after devolving their authority upon their sons.

*Sītā*.—Here is the venerable Gangá with her limpid and holy water.

*Rāma*.—Goddess! presiding divinity of the race of Raghu! I worship thee. Bhagírátha having performed many penances,

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<sup>1</sup> Or excess of modesty. (2)

reckless of death, brought up from hell after many years, being touched by thy waters, his father's great grandfathers who, in the sacrifice of Sagara, cleft open the earth, busied in searching for the horse—who had been consumed by the effulgence of<sup>1</sup> offended Kapila. Oh mother! do thou cherish kind care for thy daughter-in-law even as Arundhatí does.

*Lakshmana.*—Here is the fig-tree, *Cyáma* by name, on the banks of the Yamuná, which was pointed out to us by Bharadwája on the road to Chitrakúta. (*Ráma looks affectionately at it.*)

*Sítá.*—Does my lord remember this region?

*Ráma.*—Ah! How can I forget it? Where thou didst fall asleep, having laid down on my breast thy limbs strengthless like a crushed lotus-fibre, beautiful though languid and heaving on account of the fatigues of the journey; which were shampoed by my arms that locked them in close embraces.

*Lakshmana.*—Here is shown how Virádha strove to bar our way at the entrance of the Vindhya wood.

*Sítá.*—No more of this. Let me look at my first entrance into the southern forest, when my husband held a fan umbrella-wise over my head.

*Ráma.*—Here are those groves of ascetics on the banks of mountain torrents, the trees of which are resorted to by hermits, and in which quietists, who consider hospitality the highest duty, being householders that cook handfuls of wild rice, inhabit huts.

*Lakshmana.*—Here is the mountain named Prasravana in the middle of the forest of Janasthána, the blackness of which is rendered more intense by means of clouds continually appearing,<sup>2</sup> the ravines of which resound with the river Godávarí, which expands into a lake in a forest, the borders of which, being closely planted with a dense array of trees, are cool and dark.

*Ráma.*—Dost thou remember, beautiful girl, the days which we two spent on that mountain, happy in being waited on care-

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<sup>1</sup> Literally, "of Kapila through wrath." Or as some take it "because they became angry with Kapila." *Tanútápan* = bodily suffering.

<sup>2</sup> Or continually discharging their waters.

fully by Lakshmana; dost thou remember the Godávarí with its delightful banks? And dost thou remember how we two wandered at will upon the outskirts of the mountain?

*Lakshmana.*—Here is Cúrpanakhá in Panchavatí.

*Sítá.*—Oh, my husband, this is the last time we shall be together

*Ráma.*—Timid girl, afraid of being separated from me; this is a picture.

*Sítá.*—Be it what it may: a vile being produces misery.

*Ráma.*—Gracious heavens! all the events that took place in Janasthána seem again present to me.

*Lakshmana.*—Then these Rákshasas by means of the art, which one possessed, of appearing like a golden deer, wrought such a deed as even now grieves us though washed out in blood; on account of the distracted and piteous behaviour of my brother when he found Janasthána empty, even the stone wept, even the heart of the adamant was pierced.

*Sítá (with tears, to herself).*—Oh king! gladdener of the race of Raghu, wast thou so much afflicted for my sake?

*Lakshmana (looking meaningly at Ráma).*—King, what is this? This is thy stream of tears like a broken necklace of pearls, which, creeping along the ground in drops, rolls with dissevered beads. Though restrained, the emotion which by its excess inflames thy heart,<sup>1</sup> can be inferred by others from the twitching of the curves of thy nose and lower lip.

*Ráma.*—My loving brother, the fire of grief which was caused by separation from my beloved, though sharp, was at that time endured through a longing for revenge; but being now rekindled in my heart, it gives me pain like a wound piercing the centre of the heart.

*Sítá.*—Alas! alas! To-day I also through anxiety grown excessive seem to behold myself separated from my husband.

*Lakshmana (to himself).*—Well, I will turn her attention to some other part. (*Looking at the picture—aloud.*) Here is a

<sup>1</sup> *Bharádhmtahridaya* = which by its excess inflames thy heart, or fills it to bursting.

representation of the exploits and valour of the reverend father Jatáyu, the vulture-king, who was a Manvantara old.<sup>1</sup>

*Sítá.*—Alas father, thou did'st carry thy love for thy descendants to the utmost extreme.

*Ráma.*—Alas father, grandson of Kaçyapa, king of birds ! Where again can arise<sup>2</sup> a good and great saint like thee ?

*Lakshmana.*—Here is that region of the Dandaká wood to the west of Janasthána called Chitrakunjaván<sup>3</sup> inhabited by the giant Kabandha,<sup>4</sup> here is that hermitage of Mátanga on the mountain Rishyamúka, and here is that saintly female forester named Çramaná, here is that lake called Pampá.

*Sítá.*—Where my husband lamented aloud having dismissed anger and firmness.

*Ráma.*—Queen ! This Pampá lake is beautiful. On this lake, in the intervals between the falling and gushing of tear drops, I beheld tracts covered with blue lotuses, and in which the white lotuses, trembled with their broad stalks, being shaken by the wings of the Mallíkáksha<sup>5</sup> geese sweetly singing from joy.

*Lakshmana.*—Here is the noble Hanumán.

*Sítá.*—Here is that son of the wind, of majestic presence, a great benefactor in that he rescued from its grief the whole world of living creatures long plunged in despair.

*Ráma.*—Right, glad am I to behold that strong-armed one, the son of Anjaná,<sup>6</sup> by whose valour we and the worlds have been made to attain our ends.

*Sítá.*—My dear brother ! What is the name of this mountain on whose flowering *kadamba* trees the peacocks dance, where my husband is represented with his glory dimmed, all but his

<sup>1</sup> *Manvantara*, the reign of a Manu, a period equal to seventy-one ages of the gods, or 306,720,000 years of mortals, or with its *sandhi*, or period of universal deluge, 303,448,000 years. (Wilson's Dictionary.)

<sup>2</sup> Babú Mahesha Chandra Nyáyaratna conjectures *sangamah* for *sambhava*. In this case the passage should be translated "Where again shall we meet," &c.

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.*, with beautiful groves.

<sup>4</sup> *i.e.*, headless monster.

<sup>5</sup> A kind of goose with dark-coloured (*malina*) or brown legs and bill.

<sup>6</sup> Anjaná—the mother of Hanumán.



beauty and auspicious fortune being gone, and during a momentary fainting fit supported by thee, weeping at the foot of a tree?

*Lakshmana*.—This is that mountain named *Mályavat*, fragrant with the flowers of the *arjuna*-tree, on the top of which a fresh cloud is just settling blue and beautiful.

*Ráma*.—My dear brother, desist, desist from this; I can endure no more; that separation from the daughter of Janaka seems to have returned for me.

✓ *Lakshmana*.—After this there are the innumerable successive wonderful exploits of the king and the worthy monkeys and *Rákshasas*, but the queen here is tired, therefore let us rest.

○ *Sítá*.—My husband! By looking at this picture I have contracted a longing, and I wish to inform thee of something.

*Ráma*.—Rather command me.

*Sítá*.—I hope, I shall once more wander in the calm<sup>1</sup> dense ranges of the woodland, and I shall again bathe in the revered Ganges, the bathing places<sup>2</sup> of which are purifying, delightful, and cold.

*Ráma*.—Dear *Lakshmana*!

*Lakshmana*.—Here I am.

*Ráma*.—Her longing must be immediately gratified, so the venerable *Arundhati* just now commanded, therefore have prepared a chariot that<sup>3</sup> rolls smoothly and easily.

*Sítá*.—My husband! Then thou also wilt have to go.

*Ráma*.—Oh cruel-hearted<sup>4</sup> one! to think of thy asking me such a question.

*Sítá*.—Then am I satisfied.

*Lakshmana*.—As my lord commands. [Exit *Lakshmana*.]

*Ráma*.—Dear one! let us repose for a moment near the window.

<sup>1</sup> As being free from wild beasts and *Rákshasas*, according to Pandit I. C. Vidyásagara.

<sup>2</sup> *Avagáha*, literally = bathing, immersion.

<sup>3</sup> Literally the easy movement of which is steady.

<sup>4</sup> It will perhaps give a better meaning if *Katínahridaye* is taken to be the locative masculine (Oh! from me hard-hearted one, even this has to be requested).

*Sítá.*—So be it. I am indeed overpowered by drowsiness produced by fatigue.

*Ráma.*—Therefore cling closely to me, and support thyself that thou mayest lie down here. Let there be thrown round my neck, as if recalling me to life, thy arm covered with drops of moisture produced by fear and fatigue, and so having the splendour<sup>1</sup> of a necklace of moon-jewels pouring forth dew when kissed by the rays of Luna.

(*Making her throw her arms round his neck, with a delighted expression*) Dear one! what is this? I cannot decide whether it is pleasure or pain, or waking or sleeping,<sup>2</sup> or the creeping of poison through my veins, or intoxication; for whenever I touch thee, emotion distracting all my senses first clouds my mind, and then again enlightens it.

*Sítá.*—Thy favour is ever firm towards me; what greater happiness can I desire<sup>3</sup> than that?

*Ráma.*—These kind words of the lotus-eyed one, cause the withered flower of life again to unfold its petals, delight me and bewilder all my senses, are like nectar to my ears, and the elixir of my mind.

*Sítá.*—Sweet speaker, I will lie down. (*Looking all round for a place to lie down.*)

*Ráma.*—Oh! What need'st thou seek? Here is thy pillow—this arm of *Ráma* that from the time of our marriage, in the house, in the wood, in childhood, and after that in youth, has lulled thee to sleep, that has never been visited by another woman.

*Sítá* (*imitating a person falling asleep*).—It is so, my husband, it is so. (*With these words falls asleep.*)

*Ráma.*—What! has the sweetly speaking one gone to sleep on my breast? (*Looking at her with affection.*) She is the "Angel

<sup>1</sup> Benfey explains *vibhrama* as error. The compound, according to him, producing the error of a necklace, *i.e.*, like a necklace. It is better perhaps to take it as Pandit I. C. Vidyáságara does—having the splendour. The former interpretation seems to me too far-fetched.

<sup>2</sup> The reading *pramoho* = numbness; *sammlayati* = paralyses.

<sup>3</sup> She means to say that she is quite satisfied with the unwavering affection of her husband.

in the house,<sup>2</sup> she is ambrosia<sup>3</sup> to my eyes, this touch of hers is to my body like much juice of sandal wood, this her arm on my neck is like a string of pearls, cool and soft. What about her is not very dear, if separation<sup>4</sup> from her were not intolerable?

*Enter a Female Warder.*

*Female Warder.*—King! there has arrived—

*Rāma.*—Well! who?

*Female Warder.*—The king's confidential attendant, Durmukha.

*Rāma (to himself).*—Durmukha is admitted into the harem. He was commissioned by me to sound the feelings of the citizens and the country-people. (*Aloud*) Let him enter.

[*Exit Female Warder.*]

*Enter Durmukha.*

*Durmukha (to himself).*—Alas! How can I tell the king such an inconceivable slanderous report of the people against the queen Sítá. But this is the duty of me unfortunate.

*Sítá (talks in her sleep).*—Ah! my gentle husband! where art thou?

*Rāma.*—Alas! The idea of separation suggested by the picture, is a cause of anxiety to the queen, and produces disturbance of her sleep. (*Affectionately stroking her.*) Rare is the sincere love of such an excellent being; for with difficulty is it obtained,—love which is unmoved in happiness and misery, which is affectionate in all conditions, on which the heart can rest, delight in which cannot be destroyed by old age, which ripens into firm attachment after time has removed all reserve.

*Durmukha (advancing).*—Victory! Victory to the king.

<sup>1</sup> A somewhat free rendering of *Lakshmi*, the goddess of wealth and prosperity.

<sup>2</sup> A collyrium-pencil of ambrosia—is the literal translation.

In this passage it is difficult to express the Sanskrit genitive. The meaning is—with the exception of separation from her, everything about her is exceedingly charming. The reading *yadiparam asahyastur viraha*—transcends my comprehension.

*Rāma*.—Tell me what thou hast learned.

*Durmukha*.—The citizens and the country people praise the king. They say, "The king Rāma makes us forget the great king Daçaratha."

*Rāma*.—This is only praise. But tell me some fault in order that it may be remedied.

*Durmukha (with tears)*.—Hear, king! (*whispers something in his ear*).

*Rāma*.—Alas! with terrible violence has this report fallen upon me like a thunderbolt. (*With these words he swoons away.*)

*Durmukha*.—Take comfort! Take comfort, King!

*Rāma (coming to himself)*.—Alas! woe is me? That reproach of dwelling in another's house brought against the lady of Videha, which was extinguished by strange measures, that very same again by the evil development of destiny has circulated everywhere, like the poison of mad dogs. Then what am I, wretched man, to do in this matter? (*After deliberating, pathetically.*) Or rather there is but one thing I can do. It is the duty of the good to satisfy the world by any means whatever, the duty which my father honoured<sup>1</sup> by abandoning me and his life together. It was but now that the revered Vaçishtha so enjoined me. Moreover, that good and pure family which has been made glorious by the kings of the race of the Sun, the best of mankind, if to that should attach a foul report by connexion with me, then ah! shame on me! I should be miserable indeed.

Alas! queen sprung from a sacrifice to the gods! Oh thou that didst purify the earth by condescending to be born from it! Oh! thou daughter of the house of Nimi and Janaka! Oh thou that art endowed with a character approved by the fire, Vaçishtha and Arundhatī. Oh thou whose life is Rāma! Oh thou that wast my dear companion when I dwelt in the great forest! Oh thou that wast dear to my father! Oh thou that speakest few, but kind words. How is it, that of thee being

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<sup>1</sup> The reading *pūritam* = fulfilled.

such, such is the end? By thee the worlds are pure, on thee fasten impure slanders. By thee the worlds have a lord, thou without a lord shalt perish.

(*To Durmukha*). — Durmukha! tell Lakshmana — This young King Rāma orders thee—(*whispers something in his ear*).

*Durmukha*.—What! has the king now determined on such shameful treatment of the queen who was cleared by the ordeal of fire, in whose womb there is even now quick a pure descendant of the royal race of Raghu, merely on account of the speech of evil men.

*Rāma*.—Peace! How can the citizens and country people be evil men?

The race of Ikshváku is beloved by the people, but from fate has sprung a germ of slander, and as for that marvellous transaction at the time of her justification, who could believe it, as it happened exceedingly far away? Therefore go, and do our bidding.

*Durmukha*.—Alas! my queen! [*Exit Durmukha*].

*Rāma*.—Alas! Woe worth the day! I am become a man of very execrable deeds and heartlessly cruel. This dear one whom I have cherished from childhood, who through friendship never left my side, by a treacherous artifice I abandon to death as a butcher a domestic bird. Then why do I, a criminal that ought not to be touched, defile the queen by my contact? (*Gently raising the head of Sítá and withdrawing his arm*) Oh fair one! loose thy hold on me an outcast of unexampled crimes: through mistaking it for sandal-wood thou hast resorted to a deadly upas tree. (*Rising up*) Alas! the world of living beings is now turned upside down; to-day is ended all the profit of Rāma's life: the earth is now a sterile withered wood: unsubstantial is the world: full of ills is the body. I have no refuge left. What can I do? What expedient is there? Whither can I go? Or rather for the perception of pain alone was consciousness bestowed upon Rāma; my too solid life piercing my heart has done the work of a thunderbolt. Oh mother Arundhatí? Oh revered preceptors Vaçishtha and Viçvámitra!

Oh blessed fire! Oh goddess earth, the mother of living things! Oh father Janaka! Oh father! Oh mothers! Oh thou best of allies Vibhishana, lord of Lanká! Oh dear friend Sugriva! Oh gentle Hanumán! Oh friend Trijatá! You are robbed of all,<sup>1</sup> you are dishonoured by accursed Ráma. But who am I that I should presume to invoke them now? For those great-hearted ones, I ween, having their names mentioned by me ungrateful, evil-minded, are as it were defiled with sin. Inasmuch as I abandoning my dear wife, the glory of my home, who in her confidence sinking on my breast has fallen asleep, heavy with her painful burden that quivers from fear,<sup>2</sup> mercilessly fling her as an offering to the eaters of flesh raw. (*Placing the foot of Sítá on his head*) Queen! queen! This is the last time that the head of Ráma will touch the lotus of thy foot. (*With these words, bursts out weeping.*)

(*A voice behind the scenes*).—Protection for the Bráhmans! Protection!

Ráma.—Ho! Let it be known what has occurred.

(*Again a voice behind the scenes*).—The band of ascetics dwelling on the banks of the Yamuná, practising strict penance, having been terrified by Lavana has come to thee for protection.

Ráma.—Ha! do the Rákshasas still dare to terrify hermits? Then let me send Çatrughna to root up this evil-minded son of Kumbhínasí.

(*Having advanced some steps and returned again*).—Oh queen! how wilt thou exist in this state?<sup>3</sup> Oh venerable mother Earth! look kindly upon Sítá thy righteous daughter, her who sums up in herself the whole prosperity of the race of Raghu and Janaka; her thou didst bring forth of holy nature in the holy sacrifice of the Gods. [*With these words exit Ráma.*]

Sítá.—Oh! gentle husband! where art thou (*being suddenly awakened*). Alas! alas! deceived by an evil dream I call out

<sup>1</sup> *Dúshítah*, the reading of Prema Chandra Tarkavágíça = disgraced.

<sup>2</sup> Produced by evil dreams.

<sup>3</sup> Tarkavágíça reads *evamvidhá gamishyasi* = how canst thou go in this unprotected state?

piteously for my husband. Alas! alas! my husband has gone, leaving me alone while sleeping. What can this now mean? Very well! I will be angry with him, if when I see him I have sufficient command of myself to do so. Who waits without?

*Durmukha (entering).*—Queen! Prince Lakshmana sends word “The car is ready—let the queen ascend it.”

*Sitā.*—Lo! I come to ascend it. (*Rising and walking round.*) The weight I bear seems to throb, therefore let us go slowly.

*Durmukha.*—This way, this way, queen.

*Sitā.*—Honor, honor to those whose only riches is their penance. Honor, honor to the protecting deities of the race of Raghu. Honor, honor to the lotus-feet of my husband. Honor, honor to all my revered ones.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Here ends the First Act, called the Contemplation of the Picture.*

## ACT II.

(*A voice behind the Scenes*<sup>1</sup>).—Welcome to her whose wealth consists in penance.

*Enter a female ascetic in a travelling dress.*

*Ascetic.*—Lo! here is the Goddess of the Wood approaching me with a tribute of fruits, flowers, and leaves.

*Enter the Goddess of the Wood.*

(*Goddess strewing the offering about.*)—This wood is to be enjoyed by thee at thy will. This is a blessed day for me, for the meeting of the good with the good happens with difficulty, and by especial merit. The shade of the trees, water, and whatever food becomes an ascetic vow, root or fruit—all alike is entirely at thy disposal.

*Ascetic.*—A habit of benevolence, a way of speaking<sup>2</sup> attractive on account of its modesty, a mind that naturally seeks the

<sup>1</sup> More literally, in the dressing-room.

<sup>2</sup> Or *niyamah* may mean restraint, the desire to avoid “idle words.”

happiness of others, blameless affection; as in the beginning, so at the end, this same pure guileless secret of the good never losing its sweet savor, is ever victorious.

*Goddess.*—Whom am I to understand thee to be?

*Ascetic.*—I am Átreya.

*Goddess.*—Átreya! Whence comest thou hither, or what is the cause of thy roaming in the Dandaká wood?

*Átreya.*—In this region dwell many deeply learned in the Sáma Veda,<sup>1</sup> of whom Agastya is the chief; in order to learn from them the knowledge of the Upanishads, I wander here having left the side of Válmíki.

*Goddess.*—When many other *munis* visit that same old Veda-student the Rishi Válmíki for the purpose of learning<sup>2</sup> the Vedas, why dost thou, revered madam, thus endure the annoyance of a long absence from home?

*Átreya.*—It is because of there being a great impediment to study in that hermitage, that I have consented to this long exile.

*Goddess.*—Of what nature is this impediment?

*Átreya.*—Some kind of divinity brought to that reverend sage two boys wonderful in every respect, of such a tender age that they appeared to have been just weaned; they charm the hearts not only of *rishis*, but of all moving and immoveable creatures.

*Goddess.*—Are their names known?

*Átreya.*—That same divinity declared their names to be Kuça and Lava and revealed their power.

*Goddess.*—Of what kind is that power?

*Átreya.*—The stupefying weapons to which secret charms are attached, have been at their disposal from their birth.

*Goddess.*—Ha! that is indeed wonderful.

*Átreya.*—And they were cherished by the reverend Válmíki, who received them with the actions appropriate to a nurse,<sup>3</sup> and

<sup>1</sup> More accurately, a part of the Sáma Veda.

<sup>2</sup> *Páráyanam*, going through from the beginning to the end.

<sup>3</sup> The reading of Tarkavágíça's edition means "having assumed all the tenderness of a nurse."



carefully guarded ; and after they had received the sacrament of the tonsure,<sup>1</sup> they were made to study all branches of knowledge except the three Vedas,<sup>2</sup> and afterwards, in the eleventh year from conception, after they had been girt with the holy cord, according to the manner prescribed for Kshatriyas, they were taught by the sage the doctrine contained in the three Vedas. For it is not fitting that such creatures as ourselves should study in company with beings of such bright discernment and intelligence. For the teacher gives instruction as to the clever so to the dullard, but he does not produce or take away in the case of either the power of acquiring knowledge, and so there is a great difference between them with respect to results: that happens in the same way as a pure jewel is able to receive reflections, and a clod of clay is not.

*Goddess.*—Is this the impediment to study to which thou didst refer ?

*Ātreya.*—There is another also.

*Goddess.*—What is that other ?

*Ātreya.*—Moreover that Brahmarshi one day at the time of noon went to the river Tamasá, there he saw one of a pair of herons being pierced by a Nisháda and uttered the goddess speech, who suddenly revealed herself to his mind, orderly arranged and fettered in<sup>3</sup> an Anustup verse, saying—“ Mayest thou never attain rest, oh Nisháda, through eternal years, for that thou slewest one of a pair of herons when he was distracted by love.”

*Goddess.*—Strange to say ! this newly introduced form of metre differs from that of the Vedas.

*Ātreya.*—Furthermore at that very time the revered Author of creatures, sprung from the lotus, having approached that reverend Rishi, in whom the illumination of sound-Brahma had been revealed, thus addressed him—“ Oh Rishi ! Thou art

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<sup>1</sup> Their heads were shaved, one, three, or five locks being left.

<sup>2</sup> The reading of Tarkavágīṣa's edition means, all branches of knowledge, except the three Vedas, were carefully implanted in them.

<sup>3</sup> Or, according to Tarkavágīṣa's edition, developed in the form of, &c.

inspired with that power of Brahma of which the essence is speech, therefore narrate the exploits of Rāma; thy prophetic eye of wisdom will possess unimpeded discernment, thou art the first poet among men." Having said this he disappeared. So the reverend son of Prachetas for the first time among men composed such a splendid development of the sound-Brahma the story<sup>1</sup> called Rāmāyana.

*Goddess.*—Ha! Then the world has become learned.<sup>2</sup>

*Ātreya.*—Therefore I said—"In that hermitage is a great impediment to study."

*Goddess.*—It is natural that there should be.

*Ātreya.*—I have rested, kind lady, now tell me the way to the hermitage of Agastya.

*Goddess.*—Leaving this place enter Panchavatī, and go along this bank of the Godāvarī.

*Ātreya (with tears).*—Can this be the penance-grove? Can this be Panchavatī? Is this river the Godāvarī? Is this mountain Prasravana? Art thou Vāsantī the goddess of the woods that dwells in Janasthāna?

*Vāsantī.*—All this is so.

*Ātreya.*—Dear daughter of Janaka! here are all thy dear associates, coming up in the course of conversation,<sup>3</sup> which being seen make thee as it were stand before my eyes, though of thee the name alone remaineth.

*Vāsantī (shuddering—to herself).*—What did she say? "The name alone remaineth!" (*Aloud*) noble lady! What misfortune hath befallen the queen Sītā?

*Ātreya.*—Not misfortune only, but misfortune accompanied with evil report.

<sup>1</sup> *Itihāsa* is sometimes translated *history*. But the term is no more applicable to the Rāmāyana than to the Iliad. Benfey gives as its meaning *traditional account, legend*.

<sup>2</sup> Some read *mandita* = adorned.

<sup>3</sup> *Prasangika* is explained by Benfey as "connected." Pandit I. C. Vidyāsāgara gives *prasangād āgatānām*, i.e., talk arising in the course of friendly intercourse as the meaning. Vāsantī first mentioned Panchavatī, then the Godāvarī.

*Vāsantī.*—How meanest thou?

*Ātreya* (*whispers something in her ear*).

*Goddess.*—Alas! a terrible stroke<sup>1</sup> of fate! (*With these words swoons.*)

*Ātreya.*—Good lady! take comfort! take comfort!

*Vāsantī.*—Oh dear friend! oh thou of exalted fortune! Is such the lot of thy creation? Rāmabhadra! Rāmabhadra! However no more of thee! Noble A'treyī! are there any tidings as to what became of the queen Sītā after Lakshmana left her and returned from that wood?

*Ātreya.*—None, none.

*Vāsantī.*—Alas! How could this happen with the family circle of the descendants of Raghu presided over by Arundhatī and Vaçishta and the aged queens alive?

*Ātreya.*—The elders of the family were then at the sacrifice of Rishyaçringa. His sacrifice extending over twelve years is now completed, and Rishyaçringa having honoured the elders has dismissed them. At the time of taking leave the revered Arundhatī said—"I will not enter the city of Ayodhyā now that it is deprived of the presence of my daughter-in-law," and that resolution was approved of by the mothers of Rāma. To gratify them the revered Vaçishta spake pure words—"Let us go to the penance-wood of Vālmīki, and there we will dwell."

*Vāsantī.*—And in what is that king at present engaged?

*Ātreya.*—That king has entered upon an Açvamedha sacrifice.

*Vāsantī.*—Alas! for shame! remarried too!<sup>2</sup>

*Ātreya.*—Heaven avert the omen.

*Vāsantī.*—What female then is his partner in the sacrificial ceremonies?

*Ātreya.*—A golden image of Sītā.

*Vāsantī.*—Ha!—Oh! Who indeed can fathom the minds of those who excel the common sort, which though harder than adamant, are yet softer than a flower?

<sup>1</sup> Bentley gives whirlwind for *nirghāta*.

<sup>2</sup> It was necessary that the offerer of this sacrifice should have a partner.

*Ātreya*.—And a horse chosen for the sacrifice has been let loose consecrated with appropriate *mantras* by Vāmadeva, and guards have been appointed for it according to the law, and Chandraketu, the son of Lakshmana, in command of them, having learned the traditional knowledge of the heavenly arms has been sent off followed by a force consisting of all four branches.<sup>1</sup>

*Vāsantī* (with tears of affection and interest).—The son too of prince Lakshmana! Now, mother, I revive again.

*Ātreya*.—In the meanwhile a Brāhman laid his dead son at the king's door, and beating his breast cried out Woe! woe! Then the compassionate Rāma began to consider that he was in fault, for not without the fault of the king does untimely death come upon the subjects. While he was thus musing, suddenly an aerial voice sounded. "A Āśura of the name of Āmbūka on the earth is performing a penance, his head must be struck off by thee, oh Rāma! by slaying him raise the Brāhman to life." Having heard this, the lord of the world taking his sword in his hand, and ascending the chariot Pushpaka began to traverse all the cardinal and intermediate points in search of the Āśura ascetic.

*Vāsantī*.—A smoke-imbibing<sup>2</sup> ascetic, a Āśura of the name of Āmbūka is performing penance in this very Janasthāna, therefore perhaps Rāmabhadra may again adorn this forest.

*Ātreya*.—Good lady, I must now depart.

*Vāsantī*.—So be it, this day has become oppressive. For the trees which are the home of birds on the banks of the Godāvarī, in which the beautiful<sup>3</sup> tribes of jungle fowl and pigeons utter their notes, from the bark of which the insects are picked out by the beaks of the birds scratching in the shade, honour the river with the tribute of their flowers the fastenings of which

<sup>1</sup> Viz., cavalry, infantry, elephants, and archers.

<sup>2</sup> See Raghuvansa, Cant. XV, *śloka* 49.

<sup>3</sup> Prema Chandra Tarkavagiṇa reads *klānta* = weary.

are loosened by the heat, which fall on account of the shaking caused by the grating of the itching lumps on the cheeks of elephants.

[ *With these words they walk round and leave the stage.*  
*Here ends the Vishkambhaka.*<sup>1</sup>

*Then enter Rámabhadra with his sword raised from a motive of mercy.*

**Ráma.**—Oh right hand, let fall the sword on the Çúdra ascetic, that it may prove the medicine to raise to life the dead Bráhman boy, thou art a member of Ráma who was able to banish Sítá when exhausted by the burdensome weight of her womb, whence canst thou then have pity? (*reluctantly striking*). A deed has been done worthy of Ráma. Will that Bráhman boy, I wonder, come to life again?

*Enter Çambúka as a celestial spirit.*

**Çambúka.**—Victory! victory to the king!<sup>2</sup>

Since thou who givest protection even from Yama hast inflicted punishment on me, this child has been restored to life, and I enjoy this glory; I Çambúka, bow down to thy feet with my head: even death produced by association with the good ferries men across to bliss.

**Ráma.**—Both these results are a source of pleasure to me, therefore enjoy the fruit of your terrible penance. May those radiant worlds named Vairájáh be secured to thee, where are pleasures and delights earned by merit.<sup>3</sup>

**Çambúka.**—This greatness is obtained by means of the favour of thy feet. Of what use is penance in this matter? Or rather a great service has penance done me. That thou who art to be sought after in the world as lord of creatures, universal refuge, hast arrived seeking me an outcast, having

<sup>1</sup> See Sáhitya Darpana, 308.

<sup>2</sup> The present indicative is used for the imperative in wishes made by inferiors for the welfare of superiors. Compare the Latin exhortations *fac ut fecisti* (Dr. Bühler, Panchatantra IV and V, p. 47, l. 9).

<sup>3</sup> *Punyáçcha sampadaḥ* = and where are holy ecstasies.

traversed hundreds of *yojanas*, that is in this matter the benefit of my penance; otherwise how could'st thou ever have come from Ayodhyá again into the wood of Dandaká?

*Ráma*.—What? Is this indeed Dandaká? (*looking all around*). In one place of a charming blackness, in another terrible with its awful expanse, here and there having its regions resounding with the hoarse roar of torrents, these stretches of forest of Dandaká, the ground of which is familiar to me, are again beheld, full of holy places, hermitages, mountains, streams, and thin copses interspersed among dense wood.<sup>1</sup>

*Çambúka*.—This is Dandaká; surely by the king when dwelling here, fourteen thousand Rákshasas of awful deeds, and three (their chief) Khara, Dúshana, and Triçiras were slain in fight. On account of which it has become possible for timid people like myself to roam in this holy Janasthána without fear from any quarter.

*Ráma*.—Not only have we Dandaká here but Janasthána.

*Çambúka*.—Yes; these indeed are the woods of vast extent stretching away to the south, of which Janasthána<sup>2</sup> forms the extreme border, that awe<sup>3</sup> the soul of every creature, the mountain ravines of which are crowded with the tribes of furious and wrathful wild beasts. For the borders of the wood are in some places soundless and motionless, in others resounding with the horrible cries of wild animals, having fires kindled in them by the breath of the hoarse-roaring serpents<sup>4</sup> that have fallen asleep at their will, having little pools flashing in the hollows of their crevices, and in which this moisture of the sweat of the python is drunk by thirsty lizards.

*Ráma*.—And I behold Janasthána in which was once the abode of Khara. And I perceive ancient occurrences as if

<sup>1</sup> The old reading *gartañánára* = chasms and difficult paths or dense thickets.

<sup>2</sup> Or forming a border to Janasthána, *i.e.*, enclosing Janasthána.

<sup>3</sup> More literally, "that make the hair of the body stand erect with awe," or possibly "with delight."

<sup>4</sup> *Gabhrabhoga* = Of monstrous size.

they were taking place before my eyes (*looking round in every direction*). Certainly the lady of Videha delighted in forest life; here indeed are those tangled thickets where we once roamed—what could be more terrible than this spectacle?

“With thee I will dwell in the honey-scented woods;” looking at it in this light Sítá was delighted by her banishment, so great was that love of hers. But the truth is, a beloved friend without doing any special act drives away sorrow by joy; for whoever has a dear friend has a possession of inestimable value.<sup>1</sup>

*Çambúka*.—Then think no more of these things which are hard to obtain.<sup>2</sup> Now let the august hero behold these still and awful middle regions of the wood, interspersed with mountains having the soft beauty of the necks of peacocks tuneful from joy; adorned with clumps of young trees densely planted, in the colour of which dark blue predominates; where herds of deer<sup>3</sup> of all kinds wander fearlessly. Here flow torrents the full streams of which are noisy as they struggle through the bowers of rose-apple dark with the ripening of the burden of their fruit, having their pellucid water cool and fragrant by means of the flowers of the cane plants flung down by joy-intoxicated birds. Here the spluttering noises of the bear-whelps dwelling in the caves, deepened by the echo, swell into a hoarse roar, and the perfume issuing from the joints of the *çallaki* trees when split and scattered about by the elephants is wafted abroad, cool, pungent, and fragrant.

*Ráma (restraining his tears)*.—May thy ways be prosperous, obtain thou the celestial path to the holy worlds.

*Çambúka*.—Let me pay my respects to that old Veda-student, the Rishi Agastya, before I enter the everlasting mansion.

[ *With these words exit Çambúka.* ]

<sup>1</sup> It was not wonderful after all that Sítá should take pleasure in being banished with me, for a dear friend is everything to one.

<sup>2</sup> Pandit I. C. Vidyáságara takes it—Enough of these impassable woods which stretch away towards the south. I take it to mean—Enough of these beloved friends, possessions of inestimable value, but hard to obtain.

<sup>3</sup> Or animals generally.

*Rāma*.—Here is that very wood beheld once more to-day, in which we were dwelling for a long time in years gone by, in which we were as hermits occupied in our duties, and as householders tasting joy in the pleasures of the world. Moreover, here are those very mountains in which the peacocks call, here are those very forest-lawns full of love-mad deer, here are those same river-banks covered with beautiful *vanjula* creepers,<sup>1</sup> on which the *ijjala* trees stand in dense dark blue masses. And this mountain which though far off<sup>2</sup> is beheld, seeming like a garland of cloud, is the mountain Prasravana, where is the river Godāvarī; on its great summit was the home of the Vulture-king, beneath it we dwelled happily in those leafy huts, where is the delightful border of the wood in which coo the noisy birds, the dark and graceful trees of which are reflected in the water of the Godāvarī.<sup>3</sup> Ah! so here is that Panchavatī, where from our long sojourn the surrounding places witnessed an excess of all kinds of confidential intercourse, and where a dear friend of my dear Sītā, the Dryad Vāsantī dwells; then why has this misfortune to-day befallen Rāma? For now my grief having become intense, distracts me<sup>4</sup> as if fresh, like biting poison juice after a long time violently bursting forth and circulating, like a splinter of an arrow rudely shaken from some cause or

<sup>1</sup> *Āmatta-manjula-rutani*, the other reading would mean, in which excited gallinules call.

<sup>2</sup> The other reading *yachchhāyā dūrādeva* would mean, the colour of which is perceived even from afar, &c., *ārāt* may mean near as well as far. The meaning might be "which though near has a cloudy indistinct appearance." But I prefer the translation in the text which is based on Pandit I. C. Vidyāsāgara's interpretation.

<sup>3</sup> Pandit I. C. Vidyāsāgara reads *vitata* for *vinata*. The old reading means the dark and graceful trees of which dip their boughs in the water of the Godāvarī.

<sup>4</sup> Pandit I. C. Vidyāsāgara reads *chirādvēgārambhi* = after a long time bursting out violently into activity: for *nihita* he reads *chalita*, i.e., like the splinter of an arrow violently shaken from some cause or other. Both these readings seem to me improvements, as they give the idea of a sorrow latent in the mind, called into activity at the sight of familiar scenery. The old reading *chirodvēgārambhi* = prelude to long agony; *nihita* = infixed; *sam-murchchchhayati cha* = and paralyses me.



other; like a wound the mouth of which had been closed up, re-opened in the centre of my heart. Nevertheless let me look on these localities which are my familiar friends (*observing*) Alas! the configuration of the country is altered, For, where formerly was the mainstream, there now is the sand of the rivers;<sup>1</sup> where once the trees stood in dense array, they now are straggling; where once straggling, they now are dense; seeing this wood after a long time I almost think it some other; but the position of the rocks is unaltered, this confirms my opinion that it is the same. Ah! when I am about to leave this place, an attachment for Panchavatí seems to draw me forcibly back. (*Pathetically.*) Alas! how can I, cursed Ráma, that am alone now, having destroyed my dear one, either behold, or leave without saluting, that Panchavatí, on the borders of which I spent the days with her, in long conversations about which we ever remained engaged afterwards in our home in Ayodhyá?<sup>2</sup>

*Enter Çambúka.*

*Çambúka.*—Victory to the king! King! the sage Agastya having heard from me of thy being in the neighbourhood sends thee this message: “Having prepared the auspicious offerings for thy descent from the chariot, the affectionate Lopámudrá awaits thee, and so do all those who dwell in the hermitage of Agastya, therefore come and honour us with thy presence; afterwards having gone to thy own land in the swift chariot Pushpaka, thou shalt make thyself ready for the Aṣvamedha sacrifice.

*Ráma.*—Be it as the sage commands.

*Çambúka.*—Then let the king cause Pushpaka to move in this direction.

*Ráma.*—Revered Panchavatí, forgive my transgressing the duties of friendship for a time at the request of the venerable preceptor.

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<sup>1</sup> Compare the commencement of Mr. Blanford's Physical Geography.

<sup>2</sup> The reading of Tarkavagīṣa's edition means, on the borders of which I spent the days with her as in my own house.

*Çambúka*.—Look! king! look! Here is the mountain of Kraunchávata, where the tribes of crows are silent in the vast expanse of bamboo-clumps whistling in the wind, among which the crowds of owls hoot in the bowers which are their homes; on this mountain the serpents scared by the calls of the peacocks running hither and thither, climb up on the trunks of the old fig-trees.<sup>1</sup> Moreover, here are those southern mountains, the peaks of which are blue from having their crests adorned with clouds, in the ravines of which the waters of the Godávarí make a bubbling sound; here is that same holy confluence of the streams, the waters of which are deep, which is awful with the the roar of the waves rushing troubled with dashing against one another. *[Exeunt Ráma and Çambúka.*

*Here ends the Second Act called the Entrance into Panchavati.*

### ACT III.

*Enter two River Goddesses, Tamasá and Muralá.*

*Tamasá*.—Friend Muralá! why art thou like one distraught?

*Muralá*.—Revered Tamasá! I am sent by Lopámudrá, the wife of the sage Agastya, to that best of rivers the Godávarí to inform her “Thou knowest how since he abandoned his bride the melancholy emotions of Ráma, on account of his unfailing dignity of manner<sup>2</sup> have their strong grief concealed like cooking in a close vessel. And by that long continuance of sorrow produced by a calamity happening to such<sup>3</sup> a beloved person, which has now become excessive, Ráma is sadly wasted; on beholding him my heart as it were received a shock. More-

<sup>1</sup> *Udvellanti* may mean—are terrified, tremble with fear. The crows are silent through fear of the owls. Cp. the word *Ghúkári*, crow, and the 3rd section of the Panchatantra *passim*. Pandit I. C. Vidyáságara reads *rohina-vata*, the banyan or Indian fig-tree, *ficus indica*, for the *chandana* (sandal wood) of the old edition.

<sup>2</sup> *Anirbhinno*, the reading of Tarkavágíca's edition, “not revealed on account of his dignified reserve.”

<sup>3</sup> *Tathávida* may qualify *nipáta*.

over, now that Rāma is returning, he must certainly behold in the Panchavatī wood those regions which witnessed the affectionate confidences between him and his wife produced by dwelling together,<sup>1</sup> and though Rāmabhadra is by nature firm, still owing to the violence of the shock which is sure to be brought about by the overwhelming<sup>2</sup> sorrow which must arise in such circumstances, at every step great causes of distraction are to be apprehended for him in such places. Therefore, venerable Godāvarī, thou should'st be on the watch. In every fit of distraction that comes upon Rāma refresh thou his life with airs from thy waves sent up at thy good pleasure, cool with minute drops of spray, bringing with them the scent of lotus-filaments."

*Tamasā*.—This affectionate good will becomes her. But an extraordinary instrument for reviving Rāma<sup>3</sup> is now approaching.

*Muralā*.—How meanest thou?

*Tamasā*.—Listen. Long ago when Lakshmana had gone after abandoning Sītā in the neighbourhood of Vālmīki's penance-wood, the queen Sītā, when she found that the throes of childbirth had come upon her, on account of the extreme violence of the pain, threw herself into the stream of the Gangā, and there at that very instant brought forth two boys, and being protected by the venerable Earth and Gangā was taken to Hades, and after they had been weaned the goddess Gangā in person committed those her two boys to the care of the great Rishi Vālmīki.

*Muralā (with astonishment)*.—Even the unhappy turn of such events becomes exceedingly wonderful, when such a great being assumes the position of a patron.

*Tamasā*.—But now the venerable Gangā having heard from the lips of the Sarayū that Rāma has probably gone to Janasthāna on account of this affair of Chambūka, entertaining the very same apprehensions which affection made Lopāmudrā enter-

<sup>1</sup> Or dwelling together and affectionate confidences.

<sup>2</sup> Pandit I. C. Vidyāsāgara explains it "the course or progress of which is intolerable."

<sup>3</sup> Benfey explains *maulika* as "excellent, best."—"Extraordinary" seems to be the meaning which Pandit I. C. Vidyāsāgara prefers.

tain, has come accompanied by Sítá to visit the Godávarí on the pretence of performing some domestic rite.

*Muralá*.—The revered deity wisely thought thus—"Surely when Ráma is in his capital, as his attention is taken up with those various occupations which have for their object the prosperity of the world, the wanderings of his mind are restrained, whereas when he shall not be engaged in business, but left<sup>1</sup> alone with his grief the entering of Panchavatí will be a great calamity for him." But how is Ráma to be consoled on the present occasion by the queen Sítá?

*Tamasá*.—The revered Bhágíráthí spake—"Dear Sítá, offspring of a sacrifice to the gods, to-day is fastened the auspicious knot, corresponding to the number of twelve years from their birth, for the princes Kuça and Lava (may their days be long in the land), therefore devoutly approach with flowers gathered by thy own hand thy ancient father-in-law the sun-god, the dispeller of sin, the progenitor of such a great family of royal saints which includes Manu amongst its patriarchs, and owing to my power not even the silvan divinities shall be able to behold thee when thou art upon the surface of the earth, much less mortals." And I received this order, "Tamasá, my dear daughter-in-law Sítá loves thee exceedingly, therefore do thou be her close attendant," and I now am fulfilling my commission.

*Muralá*.—And I for my part will report this occurrence to the revered Lopámudrá; I suspect too that Ráma has arrived.

*Tamasá*.—Lo here emerging from the lake-like expanse of the Godávarí, Jánakí comes to the wood, wearing a face beautiful though with cheeks exceedingly pale and emaciated, by the side of which her locks sway to and fro, resembling the incarnation of Pathos, or the pain of separation in bodily form.

*Muralá*.—Is this she? Long and terrible grief withering the blossom of her heart wastes her very pale and attenuated frame,

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<sup>1</sup> Having his grief for his only companion.

like a beautiful shoot severed from its stalk ; as heat produced in autumn the tender leaflet<sup>1</sup> of the *ketaki*.

[ *They walk round and exeunt.*

*Here ends the Vishambhaka.*

(A VOICE BEHIND THE SCENES.)

Woe ! Woe !

*Then enter Sítá having her hands occupied in gathering flowers, listening with an expression of pathos and longing expectation.*

*Sítá.*—Ha ! I perceive my dear friend Vásantí is speaking.

(*A voice behind the scenes*<sup>2</sup>).—The young elephant, which the queen Sítá long ago nourished with tips of leaves gathered with her own hands, as it stood before her eager for food.

*Sítá.*—What of him ?

(*Again a voice behind the scenes*).—Sporting with his mate in the water that very elephant has been attacked by another mighty elephant coming from some quarter or other, intoxicated with confidence in its strength.<sup>3</sup>

*Sítá (having advanced some steps in an agitated manner).*—My husband ! Deliver, deliver that son of mine. (*Reflecting*) Alas ! alas ! those very syllables which I was so long accustomed to use, again rise to the lips of me unfortunate, at the sight of the wood of Panchavatí. Alas ! my husband ! (*With these words swoons.*)

*Enter Tamasá.*

*Tamasá.*— My child ! take comfort ! take comfort.

(*A voice behind the scenes*).—King of ~~the~~<sup>chariots</sup> ! Stop here.

*Sítá (having recovered her consciousness, with a mixture of trembling, fear, and ecstatic delight).*—Ha ! whence comes this utterance which is strong and deep like the roaring of a cloud filled with water, which all on a sudden restores even wretched me to life, the apertures of my ears being filled with its sound.

<sup>1</sup> Or the petal.

<sup>2</sup> *Nepathye* (literally translated) — in the dressing-room.

<sup>3</sup> P. C. Tarkavágíṣa reads *vegát*, violently.

<sup>4</sup> i.e., best of chariots,—Pushpaka, a fairy ~~tree~~<sup>chariot</sup> which moved according to the will of Ráma.

*Tamasá (smiling and weeping at the same time).*—Oh dear one! why art thou in such a state on account of an indistinct sound of uncertain origin, like a pea-hen trembling and excited at the sound of a rain cloud?

*Sítá.*—Why dost thou use the word “indistinct?” I on the contrary perceived from the tone of the voice that it was my husband.

*Tamasá.*—The report goes that the king of the race of Ikshváku has come to Janasthána to punish a Cúdra ascetic.

*Sítá.*—Auspicious is it that the king does not neglect his duties.

*(A voice behind the scenes).*—Here are those very slopes of that mountain near the Godávarí which are full of numerous torrents and caves, where even the trees and the wild animals are my friends, on which I dwelt long time in the society of my dear one.

*Sítá (beholding Ráma).*—Ha! is this my husband, with countenance pale, attenuated and weak like the circle of the moon in the morning,<sup>1</sup> recognizable only by his dignified majesty? Then support me. *(After uttering these words, she swoons in the arms of Tamasá.)*

*Tamasá (supporting her).*—Daughter! take comfort, take comfort.

*(A voice behind the scenes).*—On account of this sight of Panchavatí, bewilderment first<sup>2</sup> clouds my senses, like a column of smoke arising from the fire of grief smouldering within, which will to-day blaze forth without restraint.

*Tamasá (to herself).*—This is what our spiritual superiors also feared.

*Sítá (recovering consciousness).*—Alas! how is this?

<sup>1</sup> Whose intense lamp narrows

In the white dawn clear.—*Shelley's Ode to a Skylark.*

<sup>2</sup> Benfey explains *prág* in this passage by—“in front (so that she cannot see)”—Here “she” is of course a misprint for “he.”

(*Again a voice behind the scenes*).—Alas! queen! alas dear companion during my sojourn in the Dandaká wood, princess of Videha! (*With these words he swoons.*)

Sítá.—Alas! alas! Having addressed me, wretched woman, he has even swooned with the dark-blue lotuses of his eyes closing. Alas! How has he fallen helplessly on the surface of the earth like one bereft of strength.<sup>1</sup> Revered Tamasá! deliver, deliver, raise to life my husband.

Tamasá.—Do thou thyself, oh blessed one, restore to life the lord of the world, for dear is the touch of thy hand, by means of it the restoration of Ráma to life is certain.<sup>2</sup>

Sítá.—Let what will be, be—I do as thou biddest.

[*She goes out in a state of agitation.*]

*Then is seen Ráma prostrate on the ground with an expression of joy and consolation, having his body touched by Sítá weeping.*

Sítá (*somewhat joyfully, to herself*).—I perceive the life of the lord of the world seems to have returned to him.

Ráma.—Ha! What is this? Can this be a sprinkling of ambrosial dew from the leaves of the yellow sandal wood tree of Paradise,<sup>3</sup> can this be a shower of the essence extracted by bruising from the stream of rays emitted by the moon, can this be a revivifying elixir poured over my heart gladdening the withered sapling of my life. Surely this is that touch to which I was accustomed, which revives my soul, and yet bewilders it, which suddenly removing the swoon produced by grief, again diffuses numbness by giving rise to joy.

Sítá (*going a short distance away in a timid and excited manner*).—Oh this indeed is much for me now.

Ráma (*sitting up*).—Surely I cannot have been favoured by my dear queen Sítá.

<sup>1</sup> More literally—in a way that is helpless on account of the failing of strength.

<sup>2</sup> The reading of P. C. Tarkavágīca's edition means—dear is the touch of thy hand in which this man took delight.

<sup>3</sup> The others were Parijāta, Mandāra, Santāna, and Kalpa.

*Sítá.*—Alas ! alas ! will my husband then search for me ?

*Ráma.*—Well ! let me look about for her.

*Sítá.*—Revered Tamasá ! We must depart, if the great king happen to see me, he will be very angry with me on account of my approaching him without permission.

*Tamasá.*—Oh my child ! By the power of the boon of Gangá thou hast been made invisible even to the silvan deities.

*Sítá.*—Ah ! it is so.

*Ráma.*—Ah dear Jánakí !

*Sítá (sobbing with anger).*—My husband ! This way of speaking is inconsistent with that<sup>1</sup> occurrence ! (*With tears*) But am I of adamant that I should behave so unrelentingly towards my loving husband, a sight of whom will probably be difficult to obtain in a future birth, when he addresses me, ill-fated wretch, in such affectionate language ? I know his heart, and he knows mine.

*Ráma (after looking round in all directions, despondingly).*—Alas ! alas ! there is no one here.

*Sítá.*—Revered Tamasá ! I cannot describe what is the state of my heart on beholding him under these circumstances, though he did repudiate me without cause.

*Tamasá.*—I know it, my dear one. I know it.

Thy heart which during that long absence was indifferent from despair, and clouded with anger on account of that unkind action, being now suddenly astounded by meeting with Ráma<sup>2</sup> and appeased on account of his guiltlessness being known,<sup>3</sup> full of compassion too on account of the piteous words of thy beloved, is as it were melted with affection at this moment.

<sup>1</sup> i.e., his repudiation of her. The vagueness of her expression is natural and worthy of the poet.

<sup>2</sup> Pandit P. C. Tarkavágīṭa takes *ghatanottambitam* = *ghatanāya uttambitam*, i.e., ardent for reunion.

<sup>3</sup> Or from beholding his affection.



*Ráma*.—Queen! Thy touch moist and cool from affection, like incarnate favour, even now moistens<sup>1</sup> me, but where art thou, minister of delight.

*Sítá*.—I have heard these loud lamentations of my husband which reveal a fathomless depth of affection, and infuse gladness into my heart, by hearing which with my own ears my life has been made a valued blessing to me though pierced with the arrow of<sup>2</sup> a groundless repudiation.

*Ráma*.—But whence could I obtain my beloved? Surely this is a delusion on the part of *Ráma*, created by the potent spell of continual eager thought.<sup>3</sup>

(*A voice behind the scenes*).—Woe! woe! (*recites the first-half of the stanza beginning "The young elephant which the queen Sítá, &c."*)

*Ráma* (*pathetically and eagerly*).—What of him?

*Again a voice behind the scenes recites the second half of the stanza beginning "Sporting with his, &c."*

*Sítá*.—Whom now shall I commission to defend him?

*Ráma*.—Where is that wretch who dares to attack my dear one's pet when accompanied by his mate? (*Rises up.*)

*Enter Vásantí in a state of agitation.*

*Vásantí* (*astonished*).—What? is this the king, the joy of Raghu's race.

*Sítá*.—What! is this my dear friend *Vásantí*?

*Vásantí*.—Victory, victory to the king!

*Ráma* (*observing her*).—What! the queen's dear friend *Vásantí*?

*Vásantí*.—King! haste thee! haste thee! Let the king descend to the Godávarí by *Sítá's* holy pool, which is to the right of *Jatáyu's* mountain peak,<sup>4</sup> and deliver the queen's pet.

<sup>1</sup> Pandit P. C. Tarkavagíṣa reads *ánandayati* = delights.

<sup>2</sup> The reading *ṣilpita* = flecked with the spot of.

<sup>3</sup> Literally—by the cleverness, &c.

<sup>4</sup> i.e., *Prasravana*, the home of *Jatáyu*.

*Sítá*.—Alas father Jatáyu, Janasthána without thee is empty indeed.

*Ráma*.—Alas! truly these descriptions of past incidents pierce my innermost heart.

*Vásantí*.—Let the king come this way.

*Sítá*.—Revered lady! It is indeed true that even the silvan deities do not see me.

*Tamasá*.—Oh my daughter, the power of the goddess Mandákiní<sup>1</sup> transcends that of all divinities; then why dost thou thus fear?

*Sítá*.—Then let us follow them.

[ *With these words they walk round.* ]

*Ráma (walking round)*.—Revered Godávarí, honour to thee.

*Vásantí (observing)*.—King! king! rejoice on account of the victory of the queen's pet accompanied by his mate.

*Ráma*.—May he be victorious and enjoy long life.

*Sítá*.—Gracious heavens! has he become so large?

*Ráma*.—Queen! thou art blessed with good fortune. That pet of thine, who, with the bud of his tusk smooth like the fibre of a lotus stalk when beginning to shoot up used to drag, fair one, the leaf of the *lavalí* from thy ear-ornament, being now the victor of ichorshedding<sup>2</sup> elephants, has become a sharer in all those glories which attend upon full-blown youth.

*Sítá*.—May he live long and may he never be separated from that gentle-looking mate.

*Ráma*.—Friend *Vásantí*! Observe, I pray you, the skill in courting his beloved which the pet elephant has acquired. For after giving her mouthfuls from clusters of lotus stalks rooted up in sport, he has thrown over her trunkfuls of water perfumed with lotus flowers, and so has sprinkled<sup>3</sup> her abundantly with

<sup>1</sup> i.e., Ganges.

<sup>2</sup> This notion is mentioned by Arrian in his *Indica*. It appears, however, to be rejected by modern naturalists as a vulgar error.

<sup>3</sup> *Gandúsha*—literally mouthful or trunkful according to Pandit I. C. Vidyásagara. But some take *gandúsha* to mean the tip of the trunk. *Lilothháta* may mean "rooted up with ease."

his proboscis showering spray, and after desisting from that, he has held over her through affection as an umbrella the leaf of a straight-stalked lotus.

*Sítá.*—Revered Tamasá! He then has grown so large, but I do not know how tall Kuça and Lava have become in such a long time.

*Tamasá.*—As he is, so are they also.

*Sítá.*—Thus wretched am I, who am not only continually separated from my husband but from my children also.

*Tamasá.*—Such is this destiny.

*Sítá.*—Nay, to what purpose have I brought forth children, inasmuch as, though such as thou sayest, my sons' two pure lotusfaces, the cheeks of which are bright with teeth a little apart, soft, and white, which have ever attached to them charming laughter and a delightful soft sweet sound,<sup>1</sup> over which hang the locks of the warrior caste, have not been kissed by my husband?

*Tamasá.*—May they yet be so, by the favor of the gods.

*Sítá.*—Revered Tamasá! This recalling to mind my children makes my breast heave and gush, and the proximity of their father has made me feel myself for a moment again possessed of worldly happiness.

*Tamasá.*—What am I to say in this matter? Surely children are the utmost limit of excessive affection, and they are the most powerful link to bind the parents to one another.

What men call offspring is really the one bond of delight framed by the Creator to bind together, by being a resting place of affection, the heart, the internal principle of the two parents.<sup>2</sup>

*Vásanti.*—Let the king look this way also. Here is this same peacock accompanied by his mate uttering his cry upon the *kadamba* tree at the end of the festive joys of the dance caused by excessive gladness, who, as his beautiful waving tail has lately grown, appears like a blazing diadem of jewels.

<sup>1</sup> Or according to P. C. Tarkavágīca, the laughter of which is accompanied by a charming soft sweet sound.

<sup>2</sup> *Antahkaranayugmasya* = the two hearts of the parents.

*Sítá (weeping, with a look of affectionate interest).—It is he !  
It is he !*

*Ráma.*—Rejoice my pet.

*Sítá.*—So be it.

*Ráma.*—I remember thee with affectionate mind like a son, as thou wast made to dance with clapping of her tendril-like hands by my fair one, who was adorning with dancing of her arch and swiftly moving eyebrows her eye, which was made to revolve in giddy whirls within its lids.

Ye gods ! even animals remember old acquaintances.<sup>1</sup> That *kadamba* tree which has put forth a few flowers, which was reared by my darling.

*Sítá (observing it with tears).*—My husband is right in his recognition of it.

*Ráma.*—This mountain-peacock must remember it well, because he falls into an ecstasy on it, as being a friend of the queen's.

*Vásantí.*—Let the king sit down here. Here is that same slab of rock in the midst of the plantain grove, on which thou used'st to recline with thy beloved, it is even now not<sup>2</sup> deserted by the deer, because *Sítá* used often to stand here and give them grass.

*Ráma.*—This it is utterly impossible for me to behold. (*With these words sits down weeping in another place.*)

*Sítá.*—Friend *Vásantí* ! What hast thou done in showing this to my husband and myself ? Alas ! alas ! Here is my husband still the same. That is the very wood of *Panchavatí*. There is that very *Vásantí* my dear friend. There are those very forest districts of the *Godávarí* which witnessed our various loving confidences. ~~There are those very birds, beasts, and trees which we loved like children.~~ And here am I the very

<sup>1</sup> Benfey explains *anurudhyante* as "love."

<sup>2</sup> I have not attempted to translate the particle *sma* which, as Pandit I. C. Vidyáságara remarks, is put in to fill up the line.

same person : nevertheless for me, wretched woman, all that though beheld does not exist. Such is the revolution of the world of living beings.

*Vásantí.*—Friend Sítá ! how is it that thou dost not behold the state of Ráma ?<sup>1</sup> He who, even when beheld by thee at thy will, furnished a continual feast to thy eyes with his limbs sleek like the leaf of a lotus, being an ever new delight, now standing here with distracted senses, pale hue, and exceedingly weak from grief, is with difficulty to be recognized ; nevertheless he is dear to the eyes.

*Sítá.*—I see him, friend ; I see him.

*Tamasá.*—Daughter, may'st thou continually behold thy beloved.

*Sítá.*—Alas destiny ! who could have imagined even in dreams that I could be separated from him and he from me ? Then let me, though only for a moment, as if I had obtained a sight of him in another birth, behold my loving husband in the intervals between floods of tears. (*She looks at him.*)

*Tamasá (embracing her with tears of affection).* Thy eye shedding the tears produced by joy and grief, that fall in abundant showers, and pouring forth affection, being expanded and<sup>2</sup> lengthened by ardent desire, white<sup>3</sup> and exceedingly beautiful, bathes<sup>4</sup> the lord of thy heart, like a river of milk.

*Vásantí.*—Let the trees dropping honey<sup>5</sup> furnish an offering with flowers and fruit ; let the winds of the wood laden with the perfume of full-blown lotuses blow gently ; let the birds with necks<sup>6</sup> erect from joy sing sweetly without ceasing : lo ! here is the king Ráma again come in bodily presence to this wood.

*Ráma.*—Come, friend Vásantí, let us remain here.

<sup>1</sup> Sítá is of course invisible to Vásantí.

<sup>2</sup> Or "made exceedingly long."

<sup>3</sup> White on account of its freedom from all anger and bitterness, or on account of the absence of collyrium.

<sup>4</sup> *Bathes* is explained as equivalent to "regards with respect."

<sup>5</sup> A reference to the *madhuparka*.

<sup>6</sup> The reading *ratyutharnáḥ* is more applicable to donkeys than birds.

*Vásantí* (after sitting down, with tears).—Great king! Is the prince Lakshmana well?

*Ráma* (pretending not to hear).—On beholding the trees, birds, and antelopes which Sítá used to nourish with water, wild rice, and grass dispensed<sup>1</sup> with her lotus-hand, a strange indescribable distraction comes over me, as it were a melting of the heart, like the dissolving of a stone.

*Vásantí*.—Great king! I ask if the prince Lakshmana is well.

*Ráma* (to himself).—Ha! she calls me "great king," a formal and loveless mode of address, and with accents faltering from weeping asks after the health of Lakshmana only; therefore I infer she knows what has happened to Sítá.

(Aloud) Ah! the prince Lakshmana is well.<sup>2</sup> (After saying this he bursts into tears.)

*Vásantí*.—Oh king! why art thou so cruel?

*Sítá*.—Friend *Vásantí*! why dost thou speak to him in this way? My husband has a right to expect courteous words from every one, specially from my dear friend.

*Vásantí*.—"Thou art my life, thou art my second heart, thou art the moonlight of my eyes, thou art ambrosia to my body." With these and hundreds of such sugared speeches having flattered that artless one<sup>3</sup>—that very one, thou—but enough! what<sup>4</sup> need of more talk in this matter? (She then swoons.)

*Ráma*.—It is quite natural that she should break off in the middle of her speech and fall senseless. Friend! Be comforted! be comforted!

*Vásantí* (coming to herself).—But why was this ignoble action committed by the king?

*Sítá*.—Friend *Vásantí*! cease! cease.

*Ráma*.—The world would not endure her remaining in my house.

<sup>1</sup> *Viktrnaih* = scattered.

<sup>2</sup> Said with an affectation of indifference.

<sup>3</sup> Or, that fair one.

<sup>4</sup> What is the use of continuing the story and reminding thee how thou did'st abandon her in the forest.

*Vásantí.*—Pray, for what reason?

*Ráma.*—People thought something or other.

*Tamasá.*—It would have been fitting to rebuke them.

*Vásantí.*—Oh hard-hearted one, fame indeed is dear to thee, but can any infamy truly be more terrible than this? What became of the fawn-eyed one in the forest? Tell me, lord, what dost thou suppose?

*Sítá.*—Rather art thou, *Vásantí*, cruel and hard-hearted, who thus increasest the grief of my husband which is already kindled.

*Tamasá.*—Nay, it is love and grief that speaks thus.<sup>1</sup>

*Ráma.*—Friend, what must we suppose in this case? Surely the vine of her body like a soft and beautiful lotus, as it were, composed of moonlight, was torn to pieces by the eaters of raw flesh, while she moved slowly on account of the throbbing<sup>2</sup> burden of her womb, while her eyes rolled like those of a timid fawn, but one year old.

*Sítá.*—My husband, here I am alive.

*Ráma.*—Oh! dear *Jánakí*, where art thou?

*Sítá.*—Alas! alas! my husband also is weeping aloud.

*Tamasá.*—My dear child, it is meet that he weep now; those who are afflicted must extinguish their sorrow.<sup>3</sup> For when the flood of a lake has swelled to the full, an emissary is a remedy; and in the agitation of sorrow the heart is supported by lamentation; to *Rámabhadra* especially the earth is full of troubles of all kinds; he has to cherish this world according to law with intent mind, while sorrow for his beloved withers his heart as heat a flower, but as he himself repudiated thee it is hard for him to dispel his grief by weeping, still lamentation is for him truly a gain, in that owing to it he is still alive.

<sup>1</sup> *Vidyáságara* thus explains it—affection towards *Ráma* and grief for the banishment of *Sítá*.

<sup>2</sup> Or according to Benfey, “expanded.”

<sup>3</sup> By giving it vent.

*Râma.*—Alas! alas! My much agitated heart is bruised,<sup>1</sup> but it is not riven asunder; my shattered frame suffers distraction, but does not lose its conscious mind; an inward burning inflames my body, but does not reduce it to ashes; destiny strikes me, piercing my vitals, but cuts not off my life.

*Sîtâ.*—Even so.

*Râma.*—Ye honourable citizens and dwellers in the country, ye would not permit the queen to remain in my house, therefore I abandoned her like grass in the uninhabited forest, and did not even wail for her; but these various spots familiar to me now bewilder me,<sup>2</sup> therefore helpless I weep thus bitterly; be gracious to me even now.

*Tamasâ.*—Very deep is the eddying<sup>3</sup> of his sea of woe.

*Vâsantî.*—King, with respect to a matter that is past and gone let thy firmness be thy stay.

*Râma.*—Friend! why speak of firmness? It is now the twelfth year since the world has lacked its queen; even the name of Sîtâ seems to be cut off from the earth, and Râma, still lives.

*Sîtâ.*—I am distracted on account of these words of my husband's.

*Tamasâ.*—Even so, my dear child. These words, though steeped in affection, are not very dear to thee; but appalling from the sorrow they reveal, they fall as drops of honey mixed with poison upon thee.

*Râma.*—Oh Vâsantî, did I not endure in my heart a sharp shaft of sorrow, though piercing the vitals, like an obliquely gliding fiery arrow sinking in deep, or a poison-laden fang?

*Sîtâ.*—So I, wretched woman that I am, have again become the cause of trouble to my husband.

<sup>1</sup> Tarkavâgîca's reading means—excessive agitation bruises my heart.

<sup>2</sup> *Paridravyanti*, the reading of Tarkavâgîca's edition = make my resolution melt.

<sup>3</sup> *Âpûranam* = fulness.

<sup>4</sup> For I possess firmness, otherwise how could I have lived so long in spite of my grief?



*Rāma.*—Though I had thus established my heart with unbending resolution, still by beholding many dear objects familiar to me, I am brought to this state of uncontrollable agitation. For whatever effort I make, though with difficulty, to check the perturbation of my senses tumultuously agitated,<sup>1</sup> breaking through that there flows on vehemently within me an indescribable distraction of the soul, as a stream of water of irresistible impetuosity breaks through a bar of sand.

*Sītā.*—By this agitation caused by grief which has come upon my husband, the terrible outburst of which cannot be checked, my heart having, as it were, its own sorrow quickened, is made to quiver.

*Vāsantī (to herself).*—The king has fallen into a fit of despondency, therefore let me turn his attention to something else.

(*Aloud*) Let the king now behold these regions of Janasthāna long familiar to him.

*Rāma.*—So be it (*rising up and walking round*).

*Sītā.*—My dear friend thinks devices, which will only inflame his grief, a means of relieving it.

*Vāsantī.*—King! king! Thou wast in this very bower of creepers having thy eyes fixed on the path by which she would return; she continued long on a sandbank of the Godāvarī having her attention attracted by the swans:<sup>2</sup> when she was coming, seeing thee apparently very anxious, she made through fear a graceful suppliant folding of the hands like the shoot of a lotus.

*Sītā.*—Thou art cruel, friend Vāsantī, thou art cruel; in that thou dost again and again afflict me, wretched woman, and my husband, by shakings of the arrows of grief buried in the centre of the heart.

*Rāma.*—Relentless Sītā! Thou seemest to appear in every direction, but thou dost not take pity upon me. Alas queen! My heart is bursting, the frame of my body is falling asunder;

<sup>1</sup> For *harana* Tarkavāgiṇa reads *haruna*, i.e., the emotion of grief.

<sup>2</sup> *Śhīrakahūṭukā*, having her attention fixed on the swans; *rodhasi*—on the bank.

I consider the world a desert, I burn within with unceasing fires; my bewildered soul sinks, and is, as it were, engulfed in blind darkness; giddy insensibility hides from me all objects; wretched man that I am, what shall I do? (*He swoons away.*)

*Sítá.*—Alas! alas! My husband is again insensible.

*Vásantí.*—King! take comfort, take comfort.

*Sítá.*—Alas my husband! On account of thy life being repeatedly in danger terrible is this change of condition of thee on whom depends the welfare of the whole world.<sup>1</sup> And it is all owing to me, wretched woman. Alas! I am dead. (*Swoons.*)

*Tamasá.*—Dear child! take comfort, take comfort. The touch of thy hand will again be a sure means of reviving Rámabhadra.

*Vásantí.*—What! does he not even now come to life? Ah dear friend *Sítá*! Where art thou? Cause the lord of thy life to recover.

*Sítá comes towards him in a state of agitation and touches him on the heart and forehead.*

*Vásantí.*—Joyful sight! Rámabhadra's senses have again returned to him.

*Ráma.*—This touch anointing as if with ambrosial unguents the internal,<sup>2</sup> or it may be the external, elements of my body, though it brings me back to life, suddenly diffuses through my frame a numbness of a different kind arising from joy: (*with his eyes closed from delight.*) Friend *Vásantí*! thou art fortunate.

*Vásantí.*—In what respect, king?

*Ráma.*—In what other respect than that *Sítá* has again been obtained?

*Vásantí.*—Oh king! where is she?

*Ráma (making as if he felt the pleasure of touching her).*—Look! Surely here she is just in front of thee.

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<sup>1</sup> Or according to Tarkavágiṇa's reading (who inserts *janmalábhasya* after *te*) "terrible is this untoward end of thy birth."

<sup>2</sup> The external elements (*dhatu*) are skin and hair, the internal are blood, &c.

*Vásantí*.—Oh king, when I, unfortunate one, am already consumed by grief for my dear friend, why dost thou add fresh fuel to the flame by thy wild talk terrible even to the piercing of my vitals?

*Sítá*.—I desire to depart, but my hand fastened as if with adamantine glue, has become perspiring, helplessly paralysed, and trembles as if utterly powerless on account of the touch of my husband, which, owing to his unchanged affection, is cool and refreshing to me, which quickly assuages my long and terrible sorrow.

*Ráma (to Vásantí)*.—How canst thou speak of "wild talk?" That hand which wearing bracelets was long ago taken by me in the ceremony of marriage, which was long familiar to me by its touches, cool as ambrosia, to be obtained at will.

*Sítá*.—Husband! thou art still the same as ever.

*Ráma*.—That very same hand of hers refreshing on account of its resemblance to a snowflake, like a delicate *lavalí* shoot, has again been obtained by me. (*With these words he seizes it.*)

*Sítá*.—Alas! alas! Bewildered by the touch of my husband, I have indeed behaved in a foolish manner.<sup>1</sup>

*Ráma*.—Friend *Vásantí*! Having my senses fascinated with joy I am overcome by its intoxicating power. Therefore do thou hold her for a moment.<sup>2</sup>

*Vásantí*.—Alas! he is utterly distraught.

*Sítá having torn away her hand departs in a state of agitation.*

*Ráma*.—Alas! alas! distraction! distraction! That leaf-like hand has suddenly slipped away from mine, numbed from mine numbed, trembling from mine trembling, moist from mine moist.

*Sítá*.—Woe, woe is me! With eyes at one time wandering, at another fixed, at one time dazed, at another wildly rolling, he has lost all control over himself.

*Tamasá (observing her with affection, amusement, and curiosity)*.—Our dear friend with her limbs perspiring, having their

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<sup>1</sup> She thought that she had acted foolishly in allowing *Ráma* to discover her.

His hand is paralysed by the sudden joy of discovering *Sítá*, therefore he cannot hold her.

hairs erect, and quivering, has become, through delight at seeing her beloved, like a straight *kadamba* tree<sup>1</sup> agitated by the wind, and washed by recent showers, with its buds just appearing.

*Sítá (to herself).*—Alas! I am disgraced in the eyes of the revered Tamasá by these uncontrollable feelings of mine. What will she think of me! “Such a repudiation and notwithstanding such affection!”

*Ráma (looking in every direction).*—What! is she not there? Oh cruel *Sítá*!

*Sítá.*—Indeed, I am cruel in that seeing thee in this state I yet remain alive.

*Ráma.*—Where art thou? Take pity upon me, queen! Thou oughtest not to abandon me in this plight.

*Sítá.*—Ah, my dear husband! the reverse is the case. Thou did'st abandon me.

*Vásantí.*—King! be calm, be calm. By means of thy own transcendent firmness uphold thy soul, the grief of which on account of separation hath become exceedingly great. How is it possible for my dear friend *Sítá* to be here?

*Ráma.*—Evidently she is not here; otherwise how could it happen that my dear friend *Vásantí* does not see her? I wonder whether it can be a dream. But then I have not slept. How, indeed, could *Ráma* sleep? Undoubtedly, it must be that revered spirit of delusion that again and again pursues me,<sup>2</sup> so frequently bringing about for me imaginary contact with *Sítá*.

*Sítá.*—It is I, cruel woman, that have deluded my husband.

*Vásantí.*—King, look, look! Here is the car of black iron belonging to *Rávana* broken by *Jatáyu*; look here in front of thee are the mules, with mouths like those of demons, of which the skeletons alone remain; it was from this place that the enemy having cleft with his sword the roots of *Jatáyu*'s wings rose up

<sup>1</sup> Or a branch of a *kadamba* tree.

<sup>2</sup> *Prema Chandra Tarkavágiṇa* paraphrases *anubhūdhātī* by *mohayati*, bewilders, distracts; *bhagavān vipralambha* means *pralābandh* devī, deception considered as a divinity.

into the sky carrying Sítá burning with grief, thus resembling a cloud in which the lightning plays.<sup>1</sup>

*Sítá (in terror).*—My husband! father Jatáyu is being slain, and I am being carried off—To the rescue! to the rescue!

*Ráma (rising up in a state of agitation).*—Ha! villain that robbest me of Sítá, and Jatáyu of life, whither art thou going?

*Vásantí.*—Oh king, meteor of destruction to the race of the Rákshasas! Hast thou even now an object of wrath left?

*Sítá.*—Alas! I have become distracted.

*Ráma.*—This foolish talk of mine is very much to the purpose now.<sup>2</sup> That former separation from my fair-eyed one was accompanied by continual consolation on account of the existence of various instruments of Sítá's rescue,<sup>3</sup> and produced in the world the sensation of astonishment by means of the combats of brave warriors,<sup>4</sup> and that assuredly ended at last in the slaughter of my enemies, but how is this present never-ending irremediable separation to be borne without complaining?<sup>5</sup>

*Sítá.*—Never-ending! Alas! wretched woman that I am, I am slain by that word. (*Bursts into tears.*)

*Ráma.*—Alas! woe is me! In what place art thou, my dear one, where even the alliance of the monkey chief<sup>6</sup> is of no avail to me, where the strength of the apes is fruitless, fruitless too the wisdom of Jámbuvat;<sup>7</sup> whither even the son of the wind<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pandit I. C. Vidyáságara explains *jvalantīm* as "radiant on account of her own splendour."

<sup>2</sup> Ironically. But Pandit I. C. Vidyáságara takes it to mean—"unavoidable."

<sup>3</sup> i.e., Sugriva and others.

<sup>4</sup> The warriors were Ravana, Kumbhakarna, Meghanáda, Hanumán, Sugriva, Angada, and others.

<sup>5</sup> Tarkavágiça explains it "now that I have nothing to engross my thoughts."

<sup>6</sup> Sugriva.

<sup>7</sup> The king of the bears.

<sup>8</sup> Hanumán.

cannot come, and even Nala, the son of Viçvakarman,<sup>1</sup> cannot make a path; whither even the arrows of Lakshmana cannot penetrate?

*Sítá.*—I have been made to value highly that former separation.

*Ráma.*—Friend Vāsantí! The sight of Ráma is now only painful to his friends, how long shall it cause thee to weep? Give me leave now to depart.

*Sítá (with emotion and bewilderment, leaning on Tamasá).*—Revered Tamasá, my husband is actually about to depart.

*Tamasá.*—Dear child! take comfort. We also must surely go to the feet of *Bhágirathí* to perform the ceremony of the knot corresponding to the years of Kuça and Lava. Long may they live.

*Sítá.*—Revered goddess, have pity on me, have pity on me. Let me look for a moment only at a being of whom it is so difficult to obtain a sight.

*Ráma.*—And I have a consort now to be my partner in the Açvamedha sacrifice.

*Sítá (with trembling to herself).*—Husband! who?

*Ráma.*—A golden image of Sítá.

*Sítá (with a sigh of relief and a flood of tears).*—Thou art now indeed my husband. My husband has now plucked out the dart of the shame of my repudiation.

*Ráma.*—Let me now comfort my tear-bedewed eye with looking at that.

*Sítá.*—Fortunate is she who is highly favoured by my husband, and who by pleasing my husband has become the pillar of a world's hopes.

*Tamasá (embracing her with smiles and tears of affection).*—Oh my dear child, in speaking thus thou praisest thyself.

*Sítá (having her face fixed on the ground with a bashful expression—aside).*—I am laughed at by the revered Tamasá.

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<sup>1</sup> Nala, who built the bridge by which Ráma crossed into Ceylon.

*Vásanti*.—This meeting is a great favour<sup>1</sup> to me. But as for thy going let it be so ordered as to prevent any neglect of duty.

*Sítá*.—*Vásanti* has now become my enemy.

*Tamasá*.—My child! come, we must be going.

*Sítá (sorrowfully)*.—Let us do so.

*Tamasá*.—But how canst thou go, inasmuch as thy eye lengthened with longing is as it were rivetted on thy beloved, and cannot be drawn away even with heart-rending efforts?

*Sítá*.—Honour to the lotus-feet of my husband, a sight of which is only procured by excessive virtue. (*She swoons away*.)

*Tamasá*.—My child! take comfort! take comfort.

*Sítá (coming to herself)*.—How long can one expect to behold the full moon through an opening in the clouds?

*Tamasá*.—Oh wonderful is the work of destiny.<sup>2</sup> The pathetic sentiment, though one in itself, being modified by various occasions, assumes different forms, as water assumes the various modifications of eddies, bubbles, and waves, in all of which it never ceases to be the same element.

*Ráma*.—Best of cars! this way, this way!

*All rise up together.*

*Tamasá and Vásanti (addressing Sítá and Ráma)*.—May the earth and the river of the gods together with such as we are, and that primeval head of the family who was the inspirer of the Vedas,<sup>3</sup> and that hermit *Vaṣishtha*, who is followed by *Arundhatí*, bestow upon you blessings tending to great future prosperity.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Here ends the Third Act, called Shadow (or Delusion).*

<sup>1</sup> *Tarkaváṣa* reads *pramāda* for *prastāda*. This meeting of ours is a great source of distraction to thee.

<sup>2</sup> Monier William gives the meaning of *sanvidhāna* as "strange act," unusual occurrence. *Vidyāsāgara*, "the variety of effects, causes, and sentiments." *Tarkaváṣa*, "the sport of fate, i.e., the variety of sentiments produced by the power of fate."

<sup>3</sup> Pandit I. C. *Vidyāsāgara* takes *kulapati* as meaning *Válmiki*, and *Chhandasām*, non-Vedic poems. *Tarkaváṣa* takes *kulapati* as the sun, *Chhandasām* = *Vedāntam*.

## ACT IV.

*Enter two hermits, Bhándáyana and Saudhátaki.*

*Bhándáyana.*—Saudhátaki! observe, I pray you, the delightful appearance which Válmíki's hermitage to-day presents on account of the elaborate preparations made for the guests who are seated there in large numbers. For the deer belonging to the penance-wood drinks to his fill of the warm and sweet scum of the boiled wild-rice that remains over and above what has been consumed by his beloved doe that has recently brought forth young; and the fragrance of the cooking of vegetables mixed with the fruit of the jujube is diffused abroad slightly blended with the spreading odour of cooked rice mixed with ghee.

*Saudhátaki.*—There has occurred to-day a special cause for the grey-beards intermitting their studies.<sup>1</sup>

*Bhándáyana (laughing).*—You have a peculiar way<sup>2</sup> of indicating your respect for the elders.

*Saudhátaki.*—Hark ye! Bhándáyana, what is the name of this bark-clothed<sup>3</sup> guest that came to-day at the head of this great troop of reverend seniors?

*Bhándáyana.*—A truce to your jesting. The fact is, it is the reverend Vaçishtha who has to-day arrived from the hermitage of Rishyaçringa conducting the wives of the great king Daçaratha, with Arundhatí at their head. Then why do you chatter in this wild way?

*Saudhátaki.*—Ah! Vaçishtha is his name.

*Bhándáyana.*—Certainly.

<sup>1</sup> Pandit P. C. Tarkaváçha takes *ágatam* as equivalent to *ágamanam*. Pandit I. C. Vidyáságara, as equivalent to *upasthitam*.

<sup>2</sup> *i.e.*, by calling them grey-beards. Vidyáságara takes it—there is in our aged superiors some wonderful cause of respect, *i.e.*, some wonderful excellence that commands our respect, therefore you should not call them grey-beards.

<sup>3</sup> Bark-clothed or tattered, *i.e.*, wearing an old tattered dress. (Vidyáságara.) But ascetics were usually clothed in bark.



*Saudhātaki*.—But I was thinking he must be a tiger or a wolf.

*Bhándáyana*.—How so? What do you mean?

*Saudhātaki*.—Why, the moment he arrived he gobbled up that poor young cow.

*Bhándáyana*.—Householders' reverencing the holy text, "An offering of curds and honey must be accompanied with flesh," when a sage learned in the Vedas arrives, slay in his honour a young cow,<sup>2</sup> a bull or a goat, for that is what the writers on ceremonial law ordain.

*Saudhātaki*.—Ha! You are caught out.

*Bhándáyana*.—How do you mean?

*Saudhātaki*.—Why, when Vāṣiṣṭha and his companions came, the cow was slaughtered, whereas this very day when the Royal Sage Janaka arrived, an offering consisting of curds and honey only was presented to him by the reverend Vālmīki himself, and the cow was let go unharmed.

*Bhándáyana*.—The ceremony first mentioned is appointed by sages for those who do not abstain from flesh, but the revered Janaka is under a vow of abstinence.

*Saudhātaki*.—For what reason?

*Bhándáyana*.—He, when he heard that so terrible a reverse of fate had befallen the queen Sītá, became an ascetic, and now some years have passed since he has been practising penance in the Chandradvípa penance-wood.

*Saudhātaki*.—Then, why has he come here?

*Bhándáyana*.—To see his old friend Vālmīki.

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<sup>1</sup> Householders, *grihamedhinah*. Vidyāsāgara follows the old orthodox derivation *grihah*, i.e., *dāraih medhante*, i.e., *sangachchhante*. But cp. Shankar Pandit on Raghuvansa 1, 7. "*Grihamedha* is a kind of sacrifice to be performed in a house, i.e., by a householder (Çatapatha Bráhmāna, 10-1-15." And *grihamedhin* is one who performs such a sacrifice, i.e., a householder or married man in contradistinction to a Bráhmachárin, who does not perform such a ceremony: *medha* is from *midh* or *medh* = to strike, and means a sacrifice.

<sup>2</sup> *Vatsátara*, more than a calf, i.e., a weaned calf or young cow.

*Saudhātaki*.—Has he as yet had an interview with his connexions or not?

*Bhándāyana*.—It was only just now that the reverend Vaçishtha sent the venerable Arundhatī to the queen Kauçalyā to say, "thou must come in person and behold Videha's king."

*Saudhātaki*.—As these old folk are met together, let us likewise meet our boy-friends and celebrate by playing the festive occasion of a holiday from study. (*They walk round.*)

*Bhándāyana*.—Lo, here is this old Royal Sage and Veda-student Janaka, after doing honour to Vālmīki and Vaçishtha, now taking up a position at the root of a tree outside the hermitage. He indeed is tortured by grief, for Sītā, ever clinging to his heart, like a çami-tree smouldering with fire,<sup>1</sup> active inside.

[ *They depart. Here ends the Kishkambhaka.* ]

*Then Janaka is discovered.*

*Janaka*.—The grief produced by that great outrage inflicted on my daughter, which was sharp, heart-wounding, and excruciating, does not cease, but being keen and continually felt, and though of long standing, as it were, ever fresh, still grides through my vitals like a saw. Alas! though my cursed body has had its essential elements dried up by old age and overpowering grief, and frequent penances such as the twelve days' fast,<sup>2</sup> and the *sántapana* penance,<sup>3</sup> and is incapable of being nourished, nathless even now it does not fall dead; and according to the opinion of the Rishis those worlds called the Sunless Hell, and the Hell involved in thick darkness, are appointed for such as slay themselves; and the terrible agony of my grief, which is, as it were, fresh even after many years, its vivid hues being brought out

<sup>1</sup> The variant *pradīpta* = kindled; *prasupta* = sleeping.

<sup>2</sup> *Parāḍha*. A total fast for twelve days and nights by a penitent with his organs controlled, and his mind attentive is the penance called *parāḍha*, which expiates all degrees of guilt. Manu (Sir W. Jones' translation), XI, 216.

<sup>3</sup> Eating for a whole day the dung and urine of cows mixed with curds, milk, clarified butter, and water boiled with *kuça* grass, and then fasting for a day and a night is the penance called *sántapana*. Manu, XI, 213.

by continual brooding, does not cease. Oh ! revered queen Sítá ! sprung from a sacrifice to the gods, in such a manner has the destiny of thy birth developed itself, that on account of shame I cannot even weep freely. Alas, my daughter ! I remember thy lotus-mouth as a child, prone to capricious smiles and tears, in which glittered the points of some soft bud-like teeth, the beautiful prattle of which was imperfect and tripping. Oh holy mother Earth ! thou art indeed very cruel. Why didst thou thus permit, oh pitiless one, the ruin of that daughter, the noble character of whom thou knowest, and the fire and the holy sages know, and the wife of Vaçishtha and Gangá, and even the sun-god himself, the ancestor of Raghu's race ; whom thou didst bring forth as speech brings forth wisdom, who is a divinity even like the fire and his compeers.<sup>1</sup>

(*A voice behind the scenes*).—This way, this way, reverend mother and great queen.

*Janaka (perceiving them)*.—Ha ! the reverend Arundhatí with Grishti showing her the way (*rising up*). But whom could he mean by great queen ? (*observing*). What is this the wedded wife of the great king Daçaratha, my dear friend Kauçalyá ? Who could believe that it was she ? She was in the house of Daçaratha like the goddess of prosperity. Or rather she was the goddess of prosperity herself, what need of the particle of comparison ! Alas ! woe is me ! that very lady has become as it were a changed thing by the power of fate, a strange being of grief all compact, alas ! the reverse of destiny !

This is another terrible instance of the way in which my circumstances have been inverted. The sight of that very being, who was formerly an embodied feast to my eyes, has now become intolerable like brine to a wound.

*Then enter Arundhatí, Kauçalyá, and Chamberlain.*

*Arundhatí*.—I tell thee, the command of the spiritual guide of thy family addressed to thee was this—thou must come in

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<sup>1</sup> i.e., Gangá, the sun, &c. Tarkaváçica reads *çuddhim gatdyáh purah*, whose character was long ago cleared by the ordeal of fire.

person and behold Videha's king—it was for this reason that I was sent ; then why this great hesitation at every step ?

*Chamberlain*.—Queen ! fortify thyself. I advise thee to comply with the injunction of the revered Vācishtha.

*Kauçalyá*.—The necessity of beholding the lord of Mithilá at such a time makes all my sorrows break out again at once. I cannot stablish my heart, the main fibres of which are cracking.

*Arundhatí*.—No doubt it is so. The sorrows of mortals produced by separation from good friends, though continually felt, at the sight of some dear being become intolerable, and surge around us as if with a thousand streams.

*Kauçalyá*.—How can I show my face in the presence of that Royal Sage after what has happened to my dear daughter-in-law ?

*Arundhatí*.—Here is thy estimable connexion, the chief of the house of Janaka, to whom the saint Yājñavalkya taught the Vedas from the beginning to the end.<sup>1</sup>

*Kauçalyá*.—Here is that royal saint, the father of my dear daughter-in-law, the gladdener of the heart of the great king Daçaratha. Alas ! alas ! I have arrived here on a day when all joy has long faded. Oh Destiny ! all that has ceased to be !

*Janaka (advancing)*.—Revered Arundhatí ! The king of Videha, whose banner is the plough, salutes thee. With head bowing down to the ground I honour thee by whom thy husband, though a storehouse of holy light, though certainly greatest even among the great sages of old, considers himself purified, thee who art the cause of welfare to the three worlds, who art to be worshipped by the whole earth like the goddess of the dawn.

*Arundhatí*.—May the supreme brightness shine upon thee. May that god above all passion, who blazes yonder, purify thee.

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<sup>1</sup> Or (according to Tarkavāgiça) the lore which leads to the knowledge of Brahma. The literal meaning of the word *jagau* = chanted should be observed.

*Janaka*.—Noble Grishti! is that mother of the king,<sup>1</sup> who loves his subjects so much, well in health?

*Chamberlain (to himself)*.—We are exceedingly cruelly reproached in a way that cannot be surpassed.<sup>2</sup> (*Aloud*). Royal Saint! Thou oughtest not to inflict fresh sorrow, as thou dost by this anger, upon the queen who is already very sorrowful, and has long lost the sight of the moonface of Rámabhadra. Rámabhadra also, because the citizens and people of the country circulated everywhere loathsome slanders and, mean wretches that they were, would not accept even the justification by the ordeal of fire—for this reason did a horrible deed.

*Janaka*.—Ha! who indeed is this so-called fire that he should presume to clear my daughter? Alas! after we have been insulted by Ráma, we are again insulted by a fellow talking in this way.

*Arundhati (sighing)*.—Even so! To mention fire in connexion with my darling is an exceeding waste of breath. Sítá alone is sufficient. Ah! my daughter! As for thy standing to me in the relation of child or pupil, let that be as it is; in any case the excellence of thy purity ensures thee my adoration; whether childhood or womanhood be thine, surely thou art to be worshipped by the world; in virtuous beings virtues are the object of reverence, not sex or age.

*Kauçalyá*.—Alas! my woes increase. (*She faints.*)

*Janaka*.—Alack a day! what is this?

*Arundhati*.—What else than that, that king, that happiness, those children, and those days—all this was recalled to her mind on beholding thee her friend, and then surely thy friend lost her senses with grief on account of this terrible change; for the minds of matrons are soft as a flower.

*Janaka*.—Alas! alas! Truly am I cruel in that I do not bestow an affectionate glance upon my dear friend's dear wife,

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<sup>1</sup> The use of the word *prajāpála* is a sarcastic allusion to Rama's banishment of Sítá out of deference to the wishes of his subjects.

<sup>2</sup> *Nirviçesham* = in every way.

× though beheld after so long a time. He was a desirable connexion, he was a dear friend, he was like my own heart; and he was to me incarnate joy, and the whole object of my life; body and life and whatever is dearer even than these—what was not the beloved and august king Daçaratha to me?

Alas! is this that very Kauçalyá? Whatever great offence she or her lord had committed in secret, into my ears was poured the complaint separately of husband and wife, afterwards it depended upon me whether they should be reconciled or continue to be angry; but enough! why should I call to mind what overcomes and consumes my heart?

*Arundhatí.*—Alas! Her heart is tortured by long-restrained sighs.

*Janaka.*—Alas, my dear friend! (*sprinkles her with water from his pitcher.*<sup>1</sup>)

*Chamberlain.*—Wonderful! Fortune having first shown like an agreeable friend an unchanging affection, afterwards terrible in her, unexpected reverse, increases exceedingly the anguish of the mind.

*Kauçalyá (having recovered her senses).*—Oh dear daughter of Janaka! where art thou? I remember the lotus of thy beautiful face on which a pure smile used to play, the chief ornament of which was the glory received in the sacrament of marriage. The king was ever saying “daughter, delight me with thy limbs beautiful like the light of the gleaming moon,<sup>2</sup> once more illumine my lap—this girl is the daughter-in-law of the mighty heroes of the race of Raghu, but my daughter on account of our connexion with Janaka.”

*Chamberlain.*—It is as the queen says. Although the king had five children, the foe of Subáhu<sup>3</sup> was especially dear to him, and although he had four daughters-in-law, Sitá was as dear to him as his own daughter Çántá.

<sup>1</sup> A waterpot used by ascetics and religious students.

<sup>2</sup> According to Tarkavágiçá's reading of the Prákrit, “the gleaming light of the moon in the month Kártik.”

<sup>3</sup> A Rákshasa, a follower of Rávana.

*Janaka.*—Oh my dear friend, great king Daçaratha! Thus thou art in every way near to my heart, how can I forget thee? Ordinarily the parents of the maiden honour the near relations of their son-in-law, in our connexion that custom was inverted, thou didst strive to please me; thou being such hast been snatched away by fate, and Sítá also who was the cause of our being connected;<sup>1</sup> but curses on this life of me a sinner in this horrible hell of a world.

*Kauçalyá.*—Daughter, Sítá. What am I to do? This cursed life, firmly abiding, having its bands fastened with adamant cement, does not leave me, wretched woman that I am.

*Arundhatí.*—Take comfort, take comfort, daughter of a king. Occasionally one must even desist from tears; and why dost thou not call to mind another fact? The very thing which the spiritual guide of your family spoke in the hermitage of Rishyaçringa has come to pass; but its latter end will be prosperity.

*Kauçalyá.*—Revered madam, all chance of my wishes being fulfilled is gone for ever.

*Arundhatí.*—Then what dost thou think, daughter of a king? Dost thou think it was a lying speech? Surely it will come to pass, thou oughtest not indeed to think otherwise, noble matron of the Kshatriya race. Let there be no doubt with respect to the utterances of Bráhmans in whom the supreme light is revealed; for an excellent fortune waits upon their word, they speak not an ineffectual speech.

*A great noise behind the scenes. All listen.*

*Janaka.*—Surely to-day those who follow approved custom desist from study, and therefore there is a noise of boys engaged in wild sport.

*Kauçalyá.*—Indeed, childhood is a time when gladness is easily attained. (*Observing*) Ha! who is this in their midst who

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<sup>1</sup> If we read *tu* with Prema Chandra Tarkavágiça for *cha*, we must translate—but curse on this life the cause of our connexion, &c.

refreshes my eyes with limbs well knit, beautiful, and soft, adorned with grace like that of Rámabhadra.

*Arundhati* (*with joy and excitement to herself*).—This is that secret like ambrosia to my ears communicated to me by Gangá; but this I do not know, which of the two twins, Kuça and Lava (may their days be long), this youth is.

*Janaka*.—Who is this that being seen suddenly produces on my eyes the effect of ambrosial collyrium,<sup>1</sup> dark and soft like the leaf of the lotus, decorated with the lock of the warrior caste, of noble beauty, adorning as it were with his grace the crowd of boys, as it were that darling of mine, the joy of the house of Raghu, again become a child?

*Chamberlain*.—This boy must be some Kshatriya in the position of a religious student, I suspect.

*Janaka*.—So he is, for on his back he carries two quivers, one on each side, the heron-feathers of the arrows in which are kissed by his hair, he has his breast streaked with the purifying mark of a mass of ashes, he wears the skin of the deer, and madder-dyed lower garments confined with a girdle of *múrvá* thread; in his hand he bears a bow, a rosary of *aksha* beads in the form of a bracelet, and also a staff of *pippal* wood. Revered Arundhati! what dost thou surmise? Whence does this boy come?

*Arundhati*.—Reflect! We also only arrived to-day.

*Janaka*.—Noble Grishti! I feel exceedingly curious.

Therefore go and ask the reverend Válmiki himself, and say to this boy, "Certain old people here wish to see thee."

*Chamberlain*.—As thou commandest (*departs*).

*Kauçalyá*.—What say ye? will he come when called in this way?

*Arundhati*.—How can good manners be wanting in one of such a noble form?

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<sup>1</sup> Compare the Scotch expression—"a sight o' you's gude for sair een."



*Kauçalyá (observing).*—How is this? That dear youth after listening with submission to the speech of Grishti, and dismissing the hermit boys, is coming towards us.

*Janaka (observing him for a long time).*—Ha! this is strange. There is an excess of great qualities in him softened by modesty, youth, and candour, capable of being perceived by the wise, but not by the unwise. The strong intoxication of joy<sup>1</sup> carries away my mind though firm, as a very small fragment of loadstone attracts a mass of iron. P

*Enter Lava.*

*Lava (to himself).*—How shall I address out of my own head people who are to be treated with respect by me, but of whose name, rank, and lineage I am ignorant. (*Considering.*) But this mode of salutation is prescribed as unexceptionable in the case of old people (*approaching respectfully*). Lava thus bows to you in succession.

*Arundhati and Janaka.*—Worthy sir! may thy days be many.

*Kauçalyá.*—My dear child, live long!

*Arundhati.*—Come here, my darling! (*Placing Lava on her lap, to herself.*) Happily, after so long a time, has not only my lap, but also the void of my heart been filled.<sup>2</sup>

*Kauçalyá.*—My child, come here for a moment. Oh! not only by his bodily frame which is dark and shining like a garland of half-opened lotuses,<sup>3</sup> and by his voice which is very deep like the cry of swans whose throats have been cleared<sup>4</sup> by devouring the filaments of lotuses does he recall Rāma to mind, but the feel of the boy's flesh, firm like the hard<sup>5</sup> centre of a lotus, is like the feel of Rāma's. My child! let me look at thy

<sup>1</sup> The reading *sammoha* is supposed by Vidyāsāgara to be due to the error of a copyist.

<sup>2</sup> Literally has not only my lap have filled, but my wish fulfilled.

<sup>3</sup> Tarkavāgica reads *cyāmalonnatena*, dark like a half-opened lotus and tall.

<sup>4</sup> Or *kaśhāya* may mean "red." The words *nirghosha-gharghara*, loud as the roar of a thunder cloud, are omitted in Vidyāsāgara's edition.

<sup>5</sup> Or the centre of a ripe lotus.

face. Royal Saint ! dost thou not see ? When closely examined his face resembles the moonlike face of my dear daughter-in-law.

*Janaka*.—I see, my friend, I see.

*Kauçalyá*.—Alas, my heart is as it were distracted. Entertaining many strange surmises it suggests many wild conjectures<sup>(1)</sup>

*Janaka* (*observing*).—In this boy are manifested, as it were perfectly mirrored, all the very form, all the very grace of my daughter and the chief of the house of Raghu ; there is the same voice, the same natural modesty, and the same auspicious majesty ; ah destiny ! why does my mind run wavering in delusive paths ?

*Kauçalyá*.—Hast thou a mother, or rememberest thou thy father ?

*Lava*.—No, no.

*Kauçalyá*.—Then whose son art thou ?

*Lava*.—The son of the reverend Válmíki.

*Kauçalyá*.—Oh my darling ! say what ought to be said.

*Lava*.—This is all I know.

(*A voice behind the scenes*).—Hear ! hear ! soldiers ! Truly this Prince Chandraketu commands that no one is to trespass on the liberties<sup>(2)</sup> of the hermitage.

*Arundhati and Janaka*.—Ha ! ha ! Our dear Chandraketu is come in the course of his duty, having been appointed to guard the sacrificial horse, and we shall see him to-day. It will be a happy day for us.

*Kauçalyá*.—“ The son of dear Lakshmana commands,” such are the words I hear—charming like drops of nectar.

*Lava*.—Noble sir ! who is this man named Chandraketu ?

*Janaka*.—Thou knowest Ráma and Lakshmana, the sons of Daçaratha ?

<sup>1</sup> Literally speaks many disjointed things. Pandit Tarkavágiça reads *kimapyetasya mukham vipralabhate* = his face wonderfully like that of Sitá deludes me.

<sup>2</sup> “ Liberties ” is taken from Tennyson's *Princess*. Perhaps “ halidome ” would be better.

*Lava.*—They are the heroes of the poem called *Rámáyana*.

*Janaka.*—Then how canst thou help knowing that this Chandraketu is the son of that very Lakshmana?

*Lava.*—Then he is the son of Urmilá, and daughter's son to the Royal Saint the king of Mithilá.

*Arundhatí (smiling).*—The dear boy shows a great knowledge of the poem.

*Janaka (reflecting).*—If thou art such as Arundhatí says, one well acquainted with the poem, then answer me this question. I ask—What are the names of those sons of Daçaratha, and from what wives were they severally born?

*Lava.*—This part of the poem has not been heard before by me, or any one else.

*Janaka.*—What? has it not been composed by the bard?

*Lava.*—Composed, but not published. However, a certain portion of it has been arranged in a different form, filled with sentiment, and rendered fit for dramatic representation; and after writing it with his own hand, the reverend sage has sent it to the sage Bharata, the great theatrical instructor.

*Janaka.*—With what purpose?

*Lava.*—That reverend sage Bharata will cause it to be acted by the Apsarases.

*Janaka.*—All this now rouses our curiosity.

*Lava.*—Moreover the reverend Válmíki has been exceedingly careful in this matter. That manuscript was sent to the hermitage of Válmíki by the hand of some pupils, and my brother was sent as their escort, bow in hand, in order to ward off any possible danger.

*Kauçalyá.*—My dear child! hast thou a brother too?

*Lava.*—I have; the noble Kuça is his name.

*Kauçalyá.*—By the word noble, thou mean'st to say he is the elder.

*Lava.*—Even so, he is indeed my superior in order of birth.

*Janaka.*—What, are you twins? Long may you live!

*Lava.*—We are twins.

*Janaka*.—Tell me, to what point has the composition of the poem been brought down?

*Lava*.—After the king distracted by the lying calumnies of the citizens had banished Sítá, the queen, sprung from a sacrifice to the gods, Lakshmana having left her alone in the wood with the pangs of child-birth approaching, returned—here the story stops.

*Kauçalyá*.—Oh! my dear girl with beautiful moonlike face! I wonder what crowning termination of the cruel sport of fate befell thy flower-like body when thou wast left alone in the wood.

*Janaka*.—Alas my child! surely thou having felt that insult and that unwonted terror,<sup>1</sup> and that pain produced by the hour of child-birth; when the hosts of eaters of raw flesh were encompassing thee about, did'st more than once in thy fear think on me as a protector.

*Lava (to Arundhatí)*.—Noble lady! who are these?

*Arundhatí*.—This is Kauçalyá, this is Janaka.

(*Lava surveys them with great respect and sorrowful interest.*)

*Janaka*.—Oh! the wickedness of the citizens! Oh! the precipitate action of king Ráma! While I brood unceasingly over this terrible thunderstroke of calamity, it seems to me the time has come for my wrath to blaze forth either with word or sword.<sup>2</sup>

*Kauçalyá*.—Revered madam, help! help! appease the incensed Royal Sage.

<sup>1</sup> Pandit I. C. Vidyásagara takes *ghoram* in the sense of terrible as an adjective qualifying *paribhavam*.

<sup>2</sup> Literally = by means of inflicting a curse or by the use of the bow; *dhak* is a word imitating the noise of rushing flame. For the attempt to represent in the translation the similarity of sound in the words *çápena* and *chápēna*, see King Henry IV, Part II, Act IV, Scene II, line 10.

*Arundhati.*—I allow this is the revenge of proud men when insulted, but consider king; Ráma is thy son, and thou oughtest to cherish his poor subjects.<sup>1</sup>

*Janaka.*—But in Ráma's case let both these weapons sleep innocuous, for he is to me in the place of a son,<sup>2</sup> and the population of the city consists principally of Bráhmaus, boys, old men, deformed folk and women.

*Enter boys in a state of excitement.*

*Boys.*—Prince! the horse! the horse, a wonderful creature described in the treatises on animals is reported to be in the country,<sup>3</sup> and we have seen the beast to-day with our own eyes.

*Lava.*—The horse! the horse is described not only in treatises on animals, but in military treatises. Well, tell me what he is like.

*Boys.*—Listen. Behind he carries a flowing tail, and that he waves continually; he has a long neck, his hoofs are full four in number; he eats grass, he sheds lumps of dung of the size of a mango; but what is the use of description? He is all the while going far off; come, come let us go after him. (*They advance and drag him by his deer-skin and his hands.*)

*Lava (with a face expressing interest, compulsion and curiosity).*—Noble people, look, I am carried off by these boys (*he runs round quickly*).

*Arundhati and Janaka.*—Sate thy curiosity, dear child.

*Kauçalyá.*—Revered madam, when I do not behold him, I feel as if I were not living, therefore let us advance and follow with our eyes for a time that boy as he goes. May his days be long.

*Arundhati.*—How canst thou keep in sight that active fellow who must have gone a great distance by this time?<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Or it may mean—it is his duty to cherish his poor subjects, *i.e.*, he committed this offence out of regard for his subjects. Pandit I. C. Vidyáságara translates the passage thus—"The mind of proud men is often affected in this way, *i.e.*, inflamed with anger."

<sup>2</sup> Or "he is all my capital in the form of a son."

<sup>3</sup> Opposed to the hermitage where no horses were kept.

<sup>4</sup> *Atjavena*, *i.e.*, with his wonderful speed, is omitted by Vidyáságara.

*Enter Chamberlain.*

*Chamberlain.*—The reverend Válmíki saith—"In due time you will know all this."

*Janaka.*—This is of very grave import; something strange will happen. Revered Arundhatí! Friend Kauçalyá! Noble Gristhi! We will ourselves go and see the reverend Válmíki. *(All the old people leave the stage.)*

*Boys.*—Let the prince look at that wonderful sight.

*Lava.*—I see and understand. Surely this is an Áçvamedhik horse.

*Boys.*—How dost thou know?

*Lava.*—Surely, you fools, you must have read of it in the section devoted to it. Do you not see? "To each such horse not less than one hundred guards armed with corslet, mace and quiver." This force is evidently composed of soldiers so armed. If you do not believe all this go and ask.

*Boys.*—Hola! Hola! For what reason does this horse roam about guarded?

*(Lava enviously to himself).*—So! The Açvamedha—the mighty masterful proclamation of the superiority<sup>1</sup> of world-subduing Kshatriyas—that casts reproach upon all the rest of the warrior-tribe.

*(A voice behind the scenes).*—This is the horse, this is the banner or rather the proclamation of valour of the only hero of the seven worlds, the foe of the race of the ten-necked Rávana.

*Lava (with an expression of annoyance).*—Ah! what irritating words.

*Boys.*—What say ye? It is evident the prince is well acquainted with these matters.

*Lava.*—Alas! alas! Is then the world void of Kshatriyas that proclamations are made in such a haughty style?

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<sup>1</sup> Instead of *nishkarsha*, Prema Chandra Tarkavágiça reads *nikasha*, test.

(*A voice behind the scenes*).—Oh ho ! In comparison with the great king where can Kshatriyas be found ?

*Lava*.—Curse on the mean<sup>1</sup> rogues. If they are very brave let them be, but what is the use of this idle hectoring ? What need of words ? I will carry off your banner having attacked you with arrows.<sup>2</sup> Ho ! you boys, keep this horse back<sup>3</sup> by pelting him with clods ; let this sorry jade go range among the deer.

*Enter a soldier with a haughty and angry expression.*

*Soldier*.—Curses on thy thoughtlessness ! What didst thou say ? Surely the lines of fierce and ruthless soldiers will not put up with an insolent speech even from a boy ; so fly quickly into yon thicket of trees before the king's son Chandraketu, slayer of his foes, who has his mind occupied with the delight of beholding this charming eastern wood, advances.

*Boys*.—Prince, enough of this horse : the lines of soldiers with flashing weapons threaten the prince, and the hermitage is far hence ; therefore let us flee with the bounding speed of deer.

*Lava (Smiling)*.—What are the weapons really flashing ? (*raising his bow*). Let this bow lapping with the tongue of its string its broad tooth-like points, vomiting forth a terrible hoarse roar like that of the thunder-cloud, enlarge its maw, imitating the yawning of the cavernous<sup>4</sup> jaws of death grinning ready to swallow the world.

[*All walk round according to custom, and leave the stage.*

*Here ends the Fourth Act, called the meeting of Kauṣalyā and Janaka.*

<sup>1</sup> Or the reckless, imprudent fellows.

<sup>2</sup> Tarkavāgiṇa reads *ṣarasambūdhām* = though guarded with arrows, or having made its defence difficult by means of my arrows.

<sup>3</sup> Tarkavāgiṇa reads *parivṛitya loshtair abhighnanto nayatainam aṣvam* = surround this horse and drive him off by pelting him with clods.

<sup>4</sup> *Yantra*—literally = a machine or trap. In Pandit I. C. Vidyāsāgara's edition, *udgāri* must be taken in an intransitive sense. Literally, from which rises or is sent forth, &c.

## ACT V.

(*A voice behind the scenes*).—Ho soldiers! Succour has come to us! Succour has come. Surely here is Chandraketu advancing, having heard the noise of our fight, in a chariot drawn by swift horses, which bound along rapidly, being furiously urged on by Sumantra, having his banner-pole of *Kovidára* wood agitated by the joltings of the car.

*Enter Chandraketu with his bow in his hand in a chariot driven by Sumantra, wearing on his face an expression of wonder, joy, and excitement.*

*Chandraketu*.—Noble Sumantra! look, look! This hero boy of unknown lineage, having his lovely face flushed with slight anger, having his five locks dancing up and down, showers in the front of battle a rain of arrows upon my troops with his bow, the points of which continually twang with the string. Wonderful! The pupil of the hermits excites my admiration, whose arrows flame by thousands on all sides among the dense array of my soldiers, in a manner that is awful on account of the cracks produced by the cleaving of the sutures of elephant's cheeks, and who thus contending aidless resembles a new stripling<sup>1</sup> scion of the house of Raghu.

*Sumantra*.—Prince! Mayest thou live long! Having beheld this boy like thee in form, exceeding in might gods and demons, I call to mind Ráma when he had taken in hand his bow to destroy the foes of Viçvámitra's sacrifice.

*Chandraketu*.—But my heart is ashamed because many direct their efforts against him alone. For this boy alone is surrounded by my soldiers, who hold in the broad palms of their hands multitudes of weapons, fiercely flashing in the work of war, whose chariots ring with tinkling golden bells, whose elephants resembling clouds rain an abundant shower of ichor.

*Sumantra*.—Dear boy! What could these soldiers do against him if they were united? Much more are they helpless when scattered.

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<sup>1</sup> *Aprasiddha* may be taken to mean—unknown, not famous.



*Chandraketu*.—Noble sir, make haste, for this warrior has begun to make a great carnage among our dependants. For the hero pouring forth the roar of his bow string, which gives pain to the ears of the herds of elephants that howl in the mountain thickets, swollen by the loud roar of drums, covers the ground with heaps of heads severed from the trunks which are still struggling,<sup>1</sup> and so makes it as it were strewn with food rejected by the wide mouth of death sated with slaughter.

*Sumantra (to himself)*.—How can I allow dear Chandraketu to engage in single combat with such a warrior? (*thinking*) but I have grown old in the service of Raghu's line, and know their hereditary usage, and now that the crisis has arrived, what way is there of preventing the fight?

*Chandraketu (with astonishment, shame and excitement)*.—Alas my troops have retired on every side!

*Sumantra (gesticulating the rapid motion of the chariot)*.—Prince! long mayest thou live! that hero is within call of thee.

*Chandraketu (imitating the expression of a man who has forgotten something)*.—What name did the heralds proclaim as his?

*Sumantra*.—My child! they called him Lava.

*Chandraketu*.—Ho! great-armed Lava! what hast thou to do with these soldiers? Here I am, attack me, let fire be quenched in fire.

*Sumantra*.—Prince! look, look! Being summoned by thee this youthful hero turns back from the slaughter of the army, as a haughty lion's whelp, on hearing the roar of the cloud, from destroying the ranks of elephants.

*Enter Lava with swift and haughty step.*

*Lava*.—Bravo! prince! bravo! Truly thou art in very deed a descendant of Ikshvāku: therefore I have arrived.

(*A great tumult is heard behind the scenes.*)

*Lava (turning round impetuously)*.—What do the leaders of the army though defeated return eager for battle, and taking

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<sup>1</sup> Cp. *Raghuvansa*, canto vii, stanza 51.

heart now attack me. Curse on the wretches. Let this great and confused roar of the host rising on every side like the flood of the sea agitated by the wind of the last day, be swallowed by the accumulated flame of my fierce anger, which is like the submarine fire from the mouth of Badavá<sup>1</sup> stirred by the crash of falling mountains. (*He walks round.*)

*Chandraketu*.—Stop, boy, stop. Thou art dear to me even from thy wonderful eminence of virtue, therefore thou art my friend; whatever is mine is thine also; then why dost thou deal carnage among thy own dependants? Surely I Chandraketu am the only touchstone of thy proud valour.

*Lava (turning round with joyful excitement)*.—Oh! gentle, and stern at the same time is the purport of the heroic speech of the high-minded prince of the race of the Sun. Then what have I to do with these? I will meet<sup>2</sup> him alone.

(*A fresh tumult behind the scenes.*)

*Lava (with anger and disgust)*.—Alas! alas! I am insulted by these men again and again impeding my meeting with the hero. (*He advances towards them.*)

*Chandraketu*.—Noble one! behold this sight worthy to be beheld. This hero, having his eyes fixed<sup>3</sup> on me with pride that extorts admiration, having his bow raised aloft, being followed behind by my army, resembles a cloud that bears the bow of Indra, being driven to and fro by a veering<sup>4</sup> wind.

*Sumantra*.—The prince is only just able to see him, but I am simply overpowered with amazement.

*Chandraketu*.—Listen, kings! Shame to you and shame to me, that you have thus girded up your loins to battle innumerable, mounted on elephants, horses and cars, against this one footman;

<sup>1</sup> Badavá—a being consisting of flame, but with the head of a mare, who sprang from the thighs of Urvá, and was received by the ocean.

<sup>2</sup> Literally—honour by fighting with him.

<sup>3</sup> Benfey translates it—having taken his aim.

<sup>4</sup> Literally—arisen with double motion.

sheathed in mail against one wearing the holy deer-skin as a garment, mature in age against one whose body is lovely by reason of youth.

*Lava (perturbed).*—What! does he even pity me? (*Reflecting.*) Good! in order to prevent waste of time I will paralyse the hosts with the weapon of stupefaction. (*Throws himself into an attitude of contemplation.*)

*Sumantra.*—Pray, why do the shouts of the soldiers in our army suddenly die away?

*Lava.*—Now I will see that haughty one.

*Sumantra (excitedly).*—My son! I think that boy has employed the paralyzing weapon.

*Chandraketu.*—What doubt can there be on that point? A terrible blinding, so to speak, of darkness and lightning afflicts the eye of the soldier even when opened,<sup>1</sup> for it is first swallowed by gloom and then set free; moreover this army stands motionless as if in a picture; surely it must<sup>2</sup> be the weapon of stupefaction darting forth with unmeasured power. Wonderful! Wonderful!

The heaven is overspread with stupefying weapons, black like the darkness accumulated in forests within the bowels of hell, the flame of which gleams with a yellow brightness like that of brass flashing when melted, which are scattered abroad by winds boisterous and terrible as those which usher in the last day,<sup>3</sup> as if with the peaks of the Vindhya mountains where the dark clouds assemble, and whose ravines are gilded with the lightning.

*Sumantra.*—But whence can he have derived the knowledge of the stupefying weapons?

*Chandraketu.*—I suppose from the revered Válmiki.

<sup>1</sup> i.e., employed to behold objects.

<sup>2</sup> *Ajīlavīryam* = with invincible power. Probably this description is borrowed from the phenomena of a tropical storm.

<sup>3</sup> Or terrible and boisterous as those which are to arise at the end of the *kalpa*.

*Sumantra.*—He has no familiarity with the use of weapons, especially the stupefying weapons. For surely these were the children of Kriçásva, and went from Kriçásva to Viçvámitra, and then by transmission from him they rested upon Ráma-bhadra.

*Chandraketu.*—But other men in whom the light of saintly power greatly abounds, composers of *mantras*, of themselves obtain intuition of the arms.

*Sumantra.*—My son! be on thy guard, the hero has returned.

*The two princes with reference to one another.*

Heavens! the youth is of engaging countenance.

*Observing one another with love and affection.*

Can it be our chance meeting, can it be the excellence of his qualities, or an ancient acquaintance, the bonds of which were drawn firm in a previous birth, or some relationship between us two unknown by the power of fate, that disposes my heart to respectful attention on beholding him.

*Sumantra.*—Frequently this is the way of living beings, that one person feels an ardent affection for another, which the inhabitants of the world call friendship of the eye and love at first sight; wise men say that that love is indescribable and causeless. There is no preventing that partiality which is causeless, for that is a thread composed of affection knitting together the inmost hearts.

*The two youths with reference to one another (observing one another with affection and interest.)*

How am I to discharge arrows against this body, lovely like a polished jewel, on meeting which my frame through desire of embracing it, has its "fell of hair" erect? [ But what resource have I in dealing with one who has displayed his keen valour

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<sup>1</sup> Or "is like a *kadamba* flower with its hair erect." Pandit I. C. Vidyásá gara explains the passage, "when my frame through desire of embracing it, has its fell of hair erect with longing for union." The idea is so utterly un-English that it is difficult to express in our language.

unless I employ weapons, or what is the use of that weapon of which such a man is not made the mark? What will he say of me, if I thus turn back to-day, though weapons are uplifted? For the code of honour of warriors, being stern in its spirit, hems the course of affection.

*Sumantra (observing Lava, to himself, weeping).—*Heart! why dost thou form impossible surmises? That which was the germ of my hopes, was early blasted by fate; when the creeper has already been cut down, whence can there be the sprouting of a flower?

*Chandraketu.—*Noble Sumantra, I descend from the car.

*Sumantra.—*For what reason dost thou so?

*Chandraketu.—*In order that this hero may be honoured by me, and also, noble one, that the custom of the warrior caste may be observed, "Men in chariots do not fight with men on foot," so say those that know the law.

*(Sumantra to himself).—*Alas! I am brought into a dilemma. How can one like me forbid a righteous proceeding, or how can he approve an action of which rashness is the only motive?

*Chandraketu.—*When even the elders of my family consult the noble one, my father's dear friend, on doubtful questions of virtuous observance, pray, why does the noble one now hesitate?

*Sumantra.—*Prince! long mayest thou live! This intention of thine is righteous. This is the law of chivalry, this is the everlasting code of honour, for this is the path of heroic action of the lions of the house of Raghu.

*Chandraketu.—*A speech which becomes thee, noble sir, Thou knowest the chronicles, and the legends, and the treatises of law, and the custom of the House of Raghu.

*Sumantra (embracing him with tears of affection).—*Dear boy! how few indeed are these days that have passed since thy dear father, the slayer of Indrajit, was born! His son follows his heroic conduct. Auspiciously has the race of Daçaratha obtained the glory of worthy representatives.<sup>1</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Or more literally —"continuance."

*Chandraketu*.—When the eldest of Raghu's house is without an heir, how can there be true transmission of our race? Reflecting on this, the three other elders of our family are tormented with grief.

*Sumantra*.—Alas! torturing to my inmost heart are these words of Chandraketu.

*Lava*.—Woe is me! My feelings are of a mixed kind. As the *kumudini* joys when the moon arises, so does my sight when he appears; but this arm of mine longing for battle, which has fixed its love on my heavy bow, voiceful with the string which resounds with a terrible twang,<sup>1</sup> clearly reveals its awful heroic ardour.

*Chandraketu* (*makes as if he were descending from a chariot*).—Noble one! Chandraketu of the race of the sun respectfully salutes thee.

*Sumantra*.—May the Boar, the everlasting god, bestow on thee unconquered, holy, and transcendant might like that of Kakutatha for the attainment of success. Moreover, may the god, the sun, who is the father of thy race, befriend thee in fight; may Vaciṣṭha,<sup>2</sup> who is the spiritual father even of thy fathers, give thee joy; mayest thou have the might of Indra, of Vishnu, of Agni and Marut, and of Garuda; and may the charm of the clang of Rāma's bowstring and of Lakshmana's give thee victory.

*Lava*.—Prince! since thou truly appearest exceedingly splendid when in thy chariot, spare me this excess of courtesy.

*Chandraketu*.—Then let my distinguished foe for his part adorn another chariot.

*Lava* (*addressing himself to Sumantra*).—Noble one! Cause the prince to ascend his chariot.

*Sumantra*.—Do thou also comply with the request of Chandraketu.

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<sup>1</sup> Or "longing for battle" may be the predicate.

<sup>2</sup> Called *Maitrāvaruna*, as being descended from Mitra and Varuna.

*Lava.*—What hesitation can there be about employing one's own implements? But we are dwellers in the forest unaccustomed to the management of chariots.

*Sumantra.*—Thou knowest, my son, how to behave in accordance with dignity and courtesy; if, moreover, Rámabhadra, the descendant of Ikshváku, were to behold thee such as thou art, then his heart would gush with affection.

*Lava.*—Reverend Sir! that Royal Sage is said to be a good man (*with an expression of shame.*) We indeed are not so evilly disposed as to impede sacrifices;<sup>1</sup> moreover, who in this world does not greatly respect that king on account of his virtues? Nevertheless, that speech of the guardians of the horse did indeed cause me to be moved with wrath because it insulted the whole warrior tribe.

*Chandrahetu (smiling).*—Dost thou feel indignation even at the excess of my father's<sup>2</sup> glory?

*Lava.*—Never mind whether I feel indignation or not. But I ask this question. Since we hear that the king of the race of Raghu possesses self-restraint—he is not himself insolent, nor does insolence spring up among his subjects—how comes it that his men utter a speech fit only for Rákhasas?

The sages say, that “the speech of Rákhasas becomes only the haughty and overweening; that is the source of all enmities, for that is the bane of the world.” In such words they blame that kind of speech, but the other kind they praise. “And wise men call that same speech which is true and agreeable, which distils the objects of desire like milk, which banishes misfortune, which produces fame, which destroys sin,—the cow, the mother of prosperity.”

*Sumantra.*—This boy, the pupil of Válmíki, of purified character, speaks in a manner which must have been acquired by means of the teaching of sages.

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<sup>1</sup> Or according to Tarkavágíça's reading—as to be envious even against sacrifices.

<sup>2</sup> According to English ideas he would be called “uncle.”

*Lava*.—But as to thy question, Oh Chandraketu ! “Dost thou feel indignation at the excess of my father’s glory ?” I have this to ask—Are the virtues of the warrior-caste restricted in their manifestation to one individual ?

*Sumantra*.—Thou dost not know the king of the race of Ikshváku. Therefore cease from asserting too much. Thou hast certainly displayed thy courage by the slaughter of the soldiers. But thou oughtest not to revile the subduer of Jámadagnya.

*Lava (laughing)*.—Noble Sir ! suppose that king is the subduer of Jámadagnya, what cause for boasting is there in this ? Since it is a well-known fact that in speech consists the might of Bráhmans ; but the might of the two arms—that belongs to Kshatriyas ; the Bráhma Jámadagnya was one who took weapons in hand ; what praise to that king for subduing him ?

*Chandraketu (with an air of agitation)*.—Noble Sir ! noble sir ! pray, no more useless discussion. / This now is a new wonderful incarnation of the Supreme Soul, in whose eyes even the revered son of Bhrigu is no hero, and who does not know the holy actions of my father, by which the boon<sup>1</sup> of security was obtained for the seven worlds.

*Lava*.—Why who does not know the exploits and the greatness of the lord of Raghu’s race ? Although something might be said—but I suppress it. Those old men are people whose deeds are not to be canvassed : let them be. What in them is worth describing ?<sup>2</sup> For those whose glory is perfect in the conquest of the wife of Sunda are the great ones in the world. And those three fearless steps<sup>3</sup> which were made in the battle with

<sup>1</sup> *Dakshiná* = a sacrificial fee given to Bráhmans. The passage might be translated “the actions of my father agreeable (or clever in) giving complete (*parýápta*) security to the seven worlds.”

<sup>2</sup> i.e., there is nothing in Ráma’s exploits worth mentioning. The “old men” are Ráma and others.

<sup>3</sup> *Vidyásagara* takes *padáni* to refer to the “three paces huge which Ráma back recoiled.” Ráma shot an arrow into the breast of Báli, the son of Indra, while he was fighting with Sugriva—a proceeding forbidden in the laws of Manu.

*Lavi : as a ...*  
*209 (p. 502)*



Khara; and Ráma's skill in subduing the son of Indra—on that head also people are well-informed.

*Chandraketu.*—Oh thou that hast broken through all bounds of decorum in reproaching my father, in truth, thou pratest overmuch.

*Lava.*—Ha! he frowns even at me.

*Sumantra.*—Their anger has blazed forth. For trembling produced by wrath, agitates their hair fastened up in a circular form;<sup>1</sup> their eyes which are naturally a little red, like the leaf of the pink lotus, assume a fiery glow; their faces, on account of the curving of their eyebrows suddenly dancing, wear the beauty of the moon with its spot made prominent, or of a lotus over which bees are hovering.

*The Princes.*—Then let us depart hence to ground suitable for battle. (*Exeunt.*)

*Here ends the Fifth Act, called the Valour of the Princes.*

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## ACT VI.

*Enter a pair of demigods with a glittering chariot.*

*Male Spirit.*—Ha! the valorous deeds of these two princes of the race of the sun who have suddenly engaged in a terrible combat, having the spirit of their warrior-caste kindled to a flame—deeds that confound with amazement gods and giants! For, my beloved, behold! behold! Of them, straining the bow on which the bells tinkle like gling bracelets, loud resounding, and the string and notches of which make a terrible twanging, and so showering arrows, with locks dancing unceasingly, the marvellous combat deepens, terrible to the worlds. And for the encouragement of both the champions is sent forth, deep like that of a cloud, the booming of the celestial drum. Therefore let us discharge continually on both these heroes a rain of flowers, the continued falling of which is delightful on account

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<sup>1</sup> Literally = the fastening of the circle of their hair.

of numerous and lovely full-blown golden lotuses, which is fragrant with the nectar of a multitude of tender jewel-buds from the trees of the immortals.

*Female Spirit.*—But why has the heaven in a moment become yellow by means of a streak of lightning suddenly flashing forth?

*Male Spirit.*—What! does there indeed now take place the opening of the lids of the eye of Çiva set in his forehead,<sup>1</sup> flashing forth with a brightness like that of the sun whirled round by the whirlings of Twashtri's wheel? (*reflecting*) Ah! I perceive the boy Chandraketu has employed the fire-weapon to which is to be attributed this accumulation of masses of flame. For the circles of chariots have indeed fled with their banniers and chowries singed and besmirched:<sup>2</sup> these points of flame on the borders of the silk of the curved pennons produce the illusion of a momentary painting with saffron.<sup>3</sup> Wonderful! Here has gone forth the adorable fire, the stream of whose sparks is broad like the very terrible flashing forth of the fragments of the thunderbolt, terrible with a host of towering, unruly, greedy tongues of flame. And vehement is its scorching heat on all sides, therefore screening my beloved with my body I will go to a distance. (*Does so.*)

*Female Spirit.*—Happily is the heat kept off from me, whose rolling eyes are half closed from delight, by means of contact with the body of my lord, which is cool like a necklace of pure pearl, smooth, and vast.

*Male Spirit.*—Ha! what so great thing have I done? But the truth is: a beloved friend without doing any special act drives away sorrow by joy, for whoever has a dear friend, has a possession of inestimable value.

<sup>1</sup> Çiva's third eye was situated in his forehead. Twashtri sharpened the sun on his grindstone. The Spirit enquires if Çiva is about to consume the world.

<sup>2</sup> *Jarjarita* = broken.

<sup>3</sup> Vidyāsāgara explains *dhvajāṅkuṣa* as the pole of the banner. Tarkavāgiṇī takes *āṅkuṣa* with *pata*, so as to mean shaped like an *āṅkuṣa*, i.e., an elephant-driver's hook. *Aṅkuṣa*, another reading, means banner-cloth.

*Female Spirit.*—How is this? The face of heaven is overcast with rain-clouds dark like the neck of a love-intoxicated peacock, which are adorned with the play of streaks of lightning moving around with frequent and fitful flashes.

*Male Spirit.*—Ha! ha! This indeed is the power of the water-weapon employed by prince Lava. What do I see? The fire-weapon is quenched by the meeting of thousands of rain showers continually going on.

*Female Spirit.*—It delights me! It delights me.

*Male Spirit.*—Oh! oh! Alas! alas! Everything in excess is harmful, for all creatures tremble, being thickly covered with darkness rendered dense by clouds hoarsely roaring with the tumult caused by a series of violent winds, as if they were struggling<sup>1</sup> in the terrible cavernous jaws of Çiva opened to swallow the world at one gulp, as if they had entered the maw of Vishnu, all his senses being torpid in his sleep of devotion at the end of a *yuga*. Bravo! my child Chandraketu! bravo! opportunely hast thou launched the weapon of the wind. The clouds though numerous have been dispersed somewhere by the wind, as real knowledge disperses the delusive appearances superinduced upon Brahma.<sup>2</sup>

*Female Spirit.*—My lord! who now is this who whirling round the lappet of his outer garment<sup>3</sup> with hand uplifted in an agitated manner, having forbidden from afar with gentle words the martial toil of these two princes, causes his chariot to descend between them.

*Male Spirit.*—This is the lord of the house of Raghu having returned from the slaughter of Çambúka. Having heard the shout sent forth by the mighty hero, and stopped their combat

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<sup>1</sup> Benfey explains it = returning.

<sup>2</sup> The modern school of the Vedánta is that founded by Çankara Āchārya. It rigidly maintains *advaita*, i.e., that nothing exists except Brahma; all else—matter, souls, even Īçwara or the personal Divine Being—is the product of ignorance, and as unreal as the snake which the mistaken traveller fancies in a rope.—*Cowell's Elphinstone*, p. 123.

<sup>3</sup> Tarkavágíça reads *yotrśuchala*, the end of the yoke band.

through respect for it, Lava is calmed and Chandraketu also is bending humbly. May prosperity befall the king by being united to his sons. Therefore let us leave this place.

[*Exeunt Spirits.*

*Here ends the Visākambhaka.*

*Then are discovered Rāma with Lava and Chandraketu in a suppliant posture.*

*Rāma (descending from the chariot Pushpaka).*—Oh! Chandraketu, moon of the race of the Sun, come quickly,<sup>1</sup> and embrace me closely; let the burning even of my heart be allayed by means of thy limbs cool like a lump of snow.

*Rāma (raising him up and embracing him with tears of affection).*—Is there health in thy body which bears the celestial weapons?

*Chandraketu.*—I have health by reason of my good fortune in obtaining the friendship of Lava of very wonderful deeds, and pleasing aspect, therefore I have a request to make. May my father look upon this excellent<sup>2</sup> hero with as kind an eye as he looks upon me, or even more kindly.

*Rāma (observing Lava).*—I rejoice to see that this friend of my child is of very dignified appearance, like the science of arms incarnate in corporeal form to deliver the worlds, like the duty of Kshatriyas having assumed a body to protect the Vedas, that treasure house of wisdom; like an assemblage of all the powers, or a collection of all the virtues, like the aggregate of everything in the shape of merit in the universe standing outwardly manifested before us.

*Lava.*—Ha! this great hero is of august presence and appearance; the one great abiding place of security, affection, and devotion, like the condescension of exalted virtue having become incarnate. Strange to say—my enmity has ceased, affection full of gladness springs up, that haughtiness departs,

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<sup>1</sup> Or joyfully.

<sup>2</sup> Or *prakāṇḍa* may mean "scion."

I know not where; modesty summons me, having seen him I am in a moment from some inexplicable cause subdued, or rather the fact is that great men possess an inexplicable but potent overawing influence like that of objects of religious adoration.

*Rāma.*—Ha! What is this that on a sudden gives me rest from my grief, and fills my heart with affection from some unknown cause? Or rather, that saying “affection has regard to obvious causes” is contradicted by experience. Some mysterious internal cause binds things together, and friendships do not depend upon outward qualities, for the lotus<sup>1</sup> expands at the rising of the sun, and the moongem streams when the cold-rayed moon appears.

*Lava.*—Chandraketu! who is this?<sup>2</sup>

*Chandraketu.*—Surely this is my revered father.

*Lava.*—Then according to right, he is mine<sup>3</sup> also, for thou didst say, oh dear friend, that whatever was thine, was mine. But there are four heroes of the story of the Rāmāyana that enjoy this title with respect to thee; tell me his particular designation.

*Chandraketu.*—Surely this is my eldest father.

*Lava (joyfully).*—What! Is this the lord of the race of Raghu? Auspiciously has this happy day dawned upon me, in that I have seen this king. (*Looking at him modestly but with eager curiosity*). Father! Lava, the pupil of Vālmīki, respectfully salutes thee.

*Rāma (affectionately).*—Oh hero! long mayest thou live! come hither (*embracing him affectionately*). My child! away with this excessive modesty. Again and again fold me in a close embrace. Thy touch firm, smooth, and soft like the middle-leaf of a lotus which is full-blown and therefore tough, delights me, being cold like the nectar of the moon and the juice of sandal wood.

<sup>1</sup> The lotus is soft and delicate, the moongem hard.

<sup>2</sup> More literally—who are these! (*pluralis majestatis*.) C. Surely these are the feet of my father.

<sup>3</sup> *Tāta*—includes paternal uncles as well as father. Lava little suspects the truth he is uttering.

*Lava.*—To think that this hero should show such causeless affection toward such a one as I am! But I committed acts of hostility against him through ignorance, in that I insolently carried my rude behaviour even to the taking up of arms. (*Aloud*). Let my father forgive the childish folly of Lava.

*Râma.*—What fault did my child commit?

*Chandraketu.*—Having heard the proclamation of my father's fame he played the man against the guardians of the horse.

*Râma.*—Surely this is the proud distinction of the warrior-caste. A man of valour cannot endure that the fame of the valour of others should be spread abroad; such is his real and genuine character, because it has been so fixed by nature; if the God, the author of day, burns unceasingly with his rays, does not the fire-stone as if insulted vomit flames?

*Chandraketu.*—Even the wrath of this hero is glorious. For let my father observe; by means of the weapon of stupefaction employed by my dear friend, our armies are fixed motionless on every side.

*Râma (having looked).*—My dear Lava, let the weapons be withdrawn, and do thou, Chandraketu, comfort the forces ashamed on account of having been paralysed.

*Lava.*—As my father commands (*he assumes an attitude of meditation*).

*Chandraketu.*—As thou biddest (*he departs*).

*Lava.*—The weapon is recalled.

*Râma.*—My child these weapons, which can only be employed and withdrawn by means of a secret charm, are handed down by tradition.

The seers, Brahma and others, having performed penances for more than a thousand years for the advancement of religion, had these weapons revealed to them, being their own glories, the result of penance. Then the reverend Kriçâsva told the secret knowledge of the whole lore of the *mantras* to Viçvâmitra of the race of Kuça, who had been his pupil for more than a thousand years, and that revered man communicated it to me. This

was the previous order of tradition. But how didst thou obtain it, noble youth? this I ask.

*Lava.*—The weapons revealed themselves to us two spontaneously.

*Rama (reflecting).*—Is it not possible? Wonderful greatness may be caused by the ripening of exalted merit. But why dost thou use the word “two”?

*Lava.*—We are twin brothers.

*Râma.*—Where then is that other brother?

(*A voice behind the scenes.*)—Bhândâyana! Bhândâyana!

Friend! Sayest thou not that there truly is a fight taking place to-day between Lava (long may he live) and the soldiers of the king of men? That being so, let the title of Supreme Lord to-day become extinct in the worlds; let those of the warrior-caste that boast themselves in arms to-day be humbled.

*Râma.*—Who now is this with hue dark-blue like a sapphire, that by his voice alone makes my hair stand erect, so that I am like a *hadamba* tree suddenly breaking out into blossom at the deep sound of a dark-blue cloud in the beginning of the rains.

*Lava.*—This is that elder brother of mine, Kuça by name, who has returned from the hermitage of Bharata.

*Râma (with eagerness).*—My child call him also here. (Long may he live!)

*Lava.*—So be it. (*He advances towards Kuça.*)

*Enter Kuça.*

*Kuça (brandishing<sup>2</sup> his bow with wonderful delight and courage).*—If there should be a fight with the kings of the race of the Sun, who from the time of Manu the son of Vivasvat have offered to Indra the tribute of protection,<sup>3</sup> and kindled the fire of their own warrior might to consume the overweening, then fortunate would be this bow, the string of which is illuminated

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<sup>1</sup> So Benfey; but Pandit I. C. Vidyásâgara explains it—“let the flames of the arms (or the flaming arms) of the warrior-caste to-day be extinguished.”

<sup>2</sup> Or “striking.”

<sup>3</sup> Offered in the Açvamedha and other sacrifices.

with the terrible points of flame that flash forth from the fiery arms. (*He advances with haughty strides.*)

*Râma.*—There is a marvellous excess of heroism in this warrior boy. His look counts as stubble the best prowess of the three worlds ; his stride firm and proud seems to shake the earth ; even in boyhood he possesses massiveness like that of a mountain : can it be the incarnation of the heroic sentiment or of pride hither advancing ?

*Lava (advancing towards Kuça).*—Victory to my noble brother.

*Kuça.*—My brother (long mayest thou live) ! What indeed is this news that I hear of war, war ?

*Lava.*—Whatever this may be, let my brother lay aside his haughty bearing, and treat this hero with modest respect.

*Kuça.*—Why ?

*Lava.*—Here stands the king, the lord of Raghu's race, and he shows affection to us twain, and longs for thy approach.

*Kuça (reflecting).*—Dost thou mean the hero of the legend of the Râmâyana, the protector of the Vedas ?<sup>1</sup>

*Lava.*—The same.

*Kuça.*—That great-souled hero is one whose sanctifying sight is to be desired, but I cannot conceive in what way he is to be accosted by me.

*Lava.*—He must be addressed with the same respectful salutation as a spiritual guide.

*Kuça.*—How in the world can that be ?

*Lava.*—The most high-minded gentleman Chandraketu, the son of Urmilâ, out of friendship addresses me with the title of dear companion, therefore on account of those my relations with him that royal sage is our spiritual father.

*Kuça.*—In the present case respect though shown even to a Kshatriya is not blameable.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Literally, that treasure-house, the Vedas.

<sup>2</sup> i.e., there is no degradation in showing to Râma the respect I show to my spiritual teacher. Tarkavâgîṣa reads *karantiyo*. I must show respect even to a Kshatriya.



*Lava.*—Let my noble brother behold this great hero, the excellence of whose various superhuman actions may be inferred from his form, majesty, and dignified reserve.

*Kuça (observing him).*—Oh! full of kind condescension is his appearance and of sanctifying power is his majestic presence; rightly did the bard of the Rāmāyana develop the goddess speech into the form of that poem.<sup>1</sup>

*Rāma.*—Come hither, youth (may thy days be many). Through affection I am eagerly desirous to embrace thy body, which is smooth and sleek like a cloud filled with water.

*(Having embraced him, to himself).*—Can this boy be my child? For when I embrace him, he, as it were, bedews my body with a stream of nectarous humour, as if he were the essence of love produced in the body poured forth from every limb, as if he were my soul<sup>2</sup> standing without me revealed in bodily form, as if he were created by the gushing of my heart agitated with great joy.

*Lava.*—Father! the fiery-rayed one beats hot upon the brow, therefore take a seat for a moment in the shade of this śāla tree.

*Rāma.*—As it seems good to my dear boy.

*(They all walk round and sit down.)*

*Rāma (to himself).*—Ha! though joined with modesty, the ways of Kuça and Lava, their gait, their attitude, their manner of sitting, and so on, suggest imperial rank, and the unartificial charms of their elegance proclaim<sup>3</sup> a person beautiful and attractive to all men, as those charming rays indicate a flawless jewel, or the drops of nectar an expanded lotus.

And I see in them abundantly manifested the beauty of the princes of the race of Raghu.

<sup>1</sup> Tarkavāgīca reads *prāmodīkam* (charming) for *prāsādikam*, and for *vyavāritat vyavārinat* = pleased. *Prāsādikam* may mean full of purity.

<sup>2</sup> *Chetanādhātuh* = the soul which is the animating principle of the body (appositional compound), or = the soul as the origin of sensuous perception and consciousness.

<sup>3</sup> *Vidyāśgara* explains *ketayanti* as equivalent to *alankurvanti* = adorn. The fact of their beautiful bodies being so adorned is another sign of imperial rank.

Their body is dark-blue like the neck of a full-grown<sup>1</sup> pigeon ; they have the neck of a bull, with symmetrically developed limbs ;<sup>2</sup> their look is steady like that of a calm lion, and their voice is strong like that of the drum of rejoicing. (*Observing them carefully.*) Ha ! not only does their form resemble mine, but various resemblances to the daughter of Janaka are evident in this pair of boys, for him who has the senso to see them.<sup>3</sup> Surely that face of my darling, beautiful like a young lotus, has as it were, again been submitted to my eyes. (Here is the same stamp of upper lip, beautiful with the gleam of teeth white like pearl, and the same fascinating ears, and although the eyes are red and blue,<sup>4</sup> nevertheless there is in them the same virtue of beauty.

This is that very wood, inhabited by Válmíki, where indeed the queen was abandoned, and the appearance of the two boys tallies completely ; but whether the weapons were spontaneously revealed, on that head I feel doubt ; I wonder whether that permission to pass to her offspring, which I gave to the arms at the time I was contemplating the picture, can have taken effect, for the weapons did not pass without formal transference even among men of old time ; but while my soul is distracted with doubt, this exceeding joy of my heart gives it confidence. (*Weeping.*) Then I must manage to question these boys on some pretext.

*Lava.*—Father, what means this ? Thy face, which gives prosperity to the worlds, has attained by means of a flood of tears the beauty of a dew-besprinkled lotus.

*Kuça.*—Oh my dear brother ! of course without the queen Sítá what must not the grief of Râma be like ? For truly the whole world becomes a wilderness on the loss of the beloved ;

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<sup>1</sup> Or the plump neck of a pigeon.

<sup>2</sup> Or straight shoulders—the compound forms an adjective qualifying *vapuh*.

<sup>3</sup> Literally, to be inferred by cleverness.

<sup>4</sup> A sign of courage.

and that love he felt was so great, this separation also is endless ; why dost thou ask such a question as if thou hadst not studied the Rámáyana ?

*Ráma (to himself).*—Alas ! they are talking of Sítá as if they were perfect strangers. Enough of questions. Cursed heart ! What is the meaning of this causeless distracted emotion of thine ? And as I have revealed the agitation of my heart, I am thus pitied even by these boys.

Well ! I will conceal it by turning the conversation to other matters. (*Aloud*). My children, there is a poem named Rámáyana, the outpouring of the eloquence of the reverend Válmíki, the panegyric of the race of the Sun ; I wish out of curiosity to hear some few passages in it.

*Kuça.*—That whole composition has been frequently studied by us. Now there recur to my memory these two verses in the last canto of the book that describes the youth of Ráma.

*Ráma.*—Let my darling repeat them.

*Kuça.*—“ Sítá was naturally dear to the great-hearted Ráma, but that dearness she increased by her own virtues ; in the same way Ráma was dearer even than life to Sítá, but their hearts alone know their mutual affection.”

*Ráma.*—Alas ! very terrible is the shock to my inmost heart. Alas ! my queen, even so it was. Ha ! ha ! The occurrences of the world afflict us, ending in the grief of separation, for their condition is painful owing to unaccountable reverses of fortune.

Where now is that so great delight abounding in the most intimate confidences ; where those mutual efforts to please, and where the deep pleasures of affection ; and where that union of hearts in joy and sorrow ? Nevertheless, this life of mine still flickers on and, curse on it, ceases not. Alack-a-day ! I have been caused to remember the time, though it is painful to remember, which was charming on account of the wonderful disclosing of the thousand virtues of my beloved,<sup>1</sup> in which love

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<sup>1</sup> Or skilful exceedingly in revealing the virtues of my beloved.

swelled by the union of youth, affection, and desire, throbbed saucily in the heart, but was bashful in outward demeanour.

*Kuça*.—And this is a verse spoken by Rāma to Sítá, when they were sporting on the banks of the river Mandákiní, and in the forest of the mountain Chitrakúta.<sup>1</sup> “This slab of rock in front of us was planted as if for thy sake, round which this *vahula* tree has, as it were, rained flowers.” 6.36

*Rāma* (*smiling with an expression of shame, affection, and sorrow*).—These boys are exceedingly innocent, but especially so as being dwellers in the forest. Ha queen! dost thou remember that place which witnessed the numerous intimate confidences of that time.

Alas I see as it were before me thy face, becoming cool by means of the dews of fatigue, gleaming with moonlike forehead, which is overspread with curls agitated by the gently moving<sup>2</sup> breeze of the Mandákiní, the cheeks of which are radiant though not dyed with saffron, beautiful with fascinating ears, which are charming even in the absence of ornament. (*Standing as if insensible,—then in a sad tone.*) By long thinking placed as if created before us, surely even in absence a dear one produces consolation: but certainly the world is a withered desert when the delusion ceases, it is then that the heart is scorched as if in a heap of burning husks.

(*A voice behind the scenes*).—Vaçishtha, Válmíki, the queen<sup>3</sup> of Daçaratha, and also Janaka, together with Arundhatí, terrified all of them at hearing of the quarrel of the boys, are coming near, tardily on account of their limbs weakened from old age and also on account of the distance of the hermitage; though eager in spirit, slow from fatigue.

*Rāma*.—What! the revered couple Arundhatí and Vaçishtha, my mother and Janaka there too? Woe is me! how indeed can

<sup>1</sup> Or *vana* may be taken as “water” with Mandákiní, and as “wood” with Chitrakúta.

<sup>2</sup> Or “the gentle breeze of the Mandákiní which had arisen.”

<sup>3</sup> Literally, *queens*; *pluralis majestatis*.

2 I bear to see these? (*Looking sadly round*). Alas! by the news that my father Janaka has by chance come to this very place, I am struck, wretched being, as if with a thunderbolt. I beheld that meeting of the two fathers on the auspicious festal occasion of their children's marriage, at which Vaçishtha and others were present, delighted on account of the desirableness of the connexion; and now that I look upon my father's friend in such a state, and after such a great calamity has occurred, why am I not cleft in a thousand fragments? but what is intolerable to Râma?

(*A voice behind the scenes*).—Alas! alas! Having suddenly beheld the lord of Raghu's race in such a state, with his splendour subsisting in majesty only, after recalling to life Janaka who swooned first, the mothers in their distress are themselves falling into a swoon.

Râma.—Alas my father! Alas my mothers! Alas Janaka! your pity is thrown away upon me, wretch that I am, for I showed no pity to her who summed up in herself the whole prosperity of the families of Raghu and Janaka.

Let me go and pay my respects to them' (*with these words he rises up*).

Kuçā and Lava.—This way, this way, let my father come.

[*Exeunt all walking round with a melancholy air.*

*Here ends the Sixth Act, called The Recognition of the Princes.*

## ACT VII.

*Enter Lakshmana.*

Lakshmana.—Well! well! Surely the reverend Vâlmiki having summoned together with us, the subjects including Brâhmans, Kshatriyas, citizens, and country-people, by his power has placed here the whole world of creatures movable and immovable, consisting of the host of the chiefs of the gods, Titans, animals, and snakes, and I also have received

<sup>1</sup> Or perhaps "recover them."

command from the noble Ráma in these words :—Dear Lakshmana! We are invited by the reverend Válmiki to behold his own composition being acted by the Apsarases, therefore go to a pleasant place on the banks of the Ganges and settle the assembly in their places. And I have made the world of creatures mortal and immortal sit down in order on appropriate seats; but lo! my noble brother comes here out of respect for Válmiki, he who has undertaken the difficult vow of a hermit, though inhabiting a kingdom for a hermitage.

*Enter Ráma.*

*Ráma.*—Dear Lakshmana! have the spectators taken their seats?

*Lakshmana.*—Most certainly.

*Ráma.*—But these two boys Kuça and Lava are to be honoured<sup>1</sup> with a seat as distinguished as that of Chandraketu.

*Lakshmana.*—On account of my knowledge of the love the king bears them I have already done so. But here is the king's seat duly spread; let my noble brother sit down on it.

*(Ráma sits down.)*

*Lakshmana.*—Ho! let the play begin.

*Manager.*—Hear! hear! The reverend Válmiki, who speaketh the thing that is, sends the following command to the world, movable and immovable creatures alike: Inasmuch as this is a composition prepared by us, of sanctifying character, and containing the sentiments of the Pathetic and the Marvellous, having discerned the subject thereof with inspired eye, therefore all must attend to this on account of the weightiness of the matter.

*Ráma.*—This is the meaning of what has been said. Seers behold truth in her essential form: of those reverend men the passionless intellects, full of vigour like that of ambrosia, are in no case baffled, therefore they are not to be suspected of error.

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<sup>1</sup> Literally, caused to obtain.

(*A voice behind the scenes*).—Ah my husband! Ah prince Lakshmana! Here I am alone—wretched woman—unprotected—the time of my delivery being near—hopeless—and the cruel wild beasts long to devour me—therefore I now, helpless one, will fling myself into the Bhágíráthí.

*Lakshmana (aside)*.—Alas! ye gods! This is something strange.

*Manager*.—The queen, the daughter of Earth, deserted in the great forest by the king, commits to the Goddess Gangá her body on which the pangs of childbirth have seized.

[ *With these words exit Manager.* ]

*Ráma*.—Ah queen! ah queen! Lakshmana take care that she does not do so.

*Lakshmana*.—My noble brother, this is a play, only a play.

*Ráma*.—Alas queen! my dear companion in my sojourn in the Dandaká wood. It is then owing to *Ráma* that this cruelty of fate befalls thee.

*Lakshmana*.—My noble brother! attend at present to the subject of the play.

*Ráma*.—Here I am ready, hard as adamant.

*Then Sítá enters supported by Earth and Gangá, each of them holding a boy in her arms.*

*Ráma*.—Dear Lakshmana, I seem to enter unwonted and sudden gloom. Support me.

*The Goddesses*.—Take heart, oh blessed one, thou art highly favoured with good fortune, oh princess of Videha; within the water thou hast given birth to two sons, who shall uphold the race of Raghu.

*Sítá (recovering consciousness)*.—Fortunate is it that I have given birth to sons. Oh my husband! (*Faints away.*)

*Lakshmana (falling at the feet of Ráma)*.—My noble brother. We are blessed with good fortune. The race of Raghu has budded auspiciously. (*Having observed Ráma.*) Alas! alas! What do I see? My brother bathed with a continually gushing stream of tears, has fallen senseless (*he proceeds to fan him*).

*Earth.*—Dear child ! take heart, take heart.

*Sítá (recovering consciousness).*—Reverend lady, who art thou, and who is this ?

*Earth.*—This is Bhágíráthí, the protecting goddess of thy father-in-law's race.

*Sítá.*—Revered one, honour to thee, honour to thee.

*Gangá.*—Obtain the auspicious fortune accumulated by thy merits.

*Lakshmana.*—We are highly favoured.

*Gangá.*—This is thy mother Earth.

*Sítá.*—Alas mother ! that I should be seen by thee in this condition.

*Earth.*—Come darling ! Come daughter ! (*Having embraced Sítá she faints.*)

*Lakshmana (joyfully).*—Fortunate is it that my noble sister-in-law has been received into the protection of Earth and Gangá.

*Ráma (beholding).*—This is still more touching.

*Gangá.*—That even the goddess Earth grieves is a triumph of parental affection, or rather the truth is—this cord knitting together the world, the knot of which is the blindness of love, common to all beings, and extending through the hearts of all sentient creatures, is difficult to sunder.

Darling Sítá ! Goddess Earth, mother of all creatures ! take heart.

*Earth.*—Goddess ! Having given birth to Sítá, how can I take heart ? The first calamity was her dwelling a long time in the midst of the Rákshasas, but the second, her repudiation, is exceedingly hard to bear.

*Gangá.*—What creature indeed can bar the doors<sup>1</sup> of destiny when it is ripening to its evolution ?

*Earth.*—Gangá ! Well said ! Or rather this was in accordance with the character of Rámabhadra that he did not pay any

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<sup>1</sup> i.e., Obstruct the occasions or opportunities. Tarkavágiṣa reads *jantor*.  
Translate : Who indeed can bar the doors of the destiny of any creature when it is ripening to its evolution ?



regard to the hand clasped in childhood by him a child, nor to me, nor to Janaka, nor to the fire, nor to her compliance with his every wish, nor to her progeny.

*Sítá*.—Ah! My husband is recalled to my mind.

*Earth*.—Alas! Who is thy husband?

*Sítá (with shame and tears)*.—Or rather, it is as my mother says.

*Ráma*.—Mother Earth! I am even such a one as thou sayest.

*Gangá*.—Have mercy, Oh adorable goddess Earth! Thou art the body of the world. Why then art thou wroth with thy son-in-law like one void of understanding? A terrible scandal was spread abroad among the people, and as for that justification by the fiery ordeal, as it took place in the island of Lanká, how can men here be expected to believe in it? This is the precious heirloom of the race of Ikshváku that the whole world is to be satisfied—the task is very difficult—what was that darling to do?

*Lakshmana*.—Truly divinities have an unimpeded insight into the minds of creatures, and Gangá above all, therefore I offer thee this humble salutation. '

*Ráma*.—Mother! Thou hast continually shown favor to the house of Bhagírátha.

*Earth*.—Goddess, I am always favorably inclined to the race thou protectest: but the paroxysm of agitation produced by grief for one's offspring is difficult to resist: however I know well enough the love that Rámabhadra feels for Sítá. [ Having abandoned darling Sítá owing to the power of destiny, with tortured mind he lives only by his supernatural firmness and zeal<sup>1</sup> for his subjects' welfare.

*Ráma*.—Truly parents feel tenderly towards their children.

*Sítá (weeping, in an attitude of supplication)*.—Let my mother take me to rest in her bosom.

*Ráma*.—What else could she say?

*Gangá*.—Heaven forbid! Mayest thou live for thousands of years.

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<sup>1</sup> Or by the good fortune of his subjects.

*Earth.*—Daughter ! consider too that thou must take care of thy two sons.

*Sítá.*—But I myself have no protector. What can I do for them ?

*Ráma.*—My heart, thou art a thing of adamant.

*Gangá.*—How canst thou be without a protector since thou hast a husband ?

*Sítá.*—How can I be said to have a husband when I am thus illstarred ?

*The two Goddesses.*—How canst thou thus undervalue thyself, the world's good genius, by association with whom the purity even of us twain is increased ?

*Lakshmana.*—Didst thou hear, my noble brother ?

*Ráma.*—Let the world hear.

*(A noise is heard behind the scenes.)*

*Ráma.*—Here is something still more strange.

*Sítá.*—Why is the whole heaven thus in a blaze ?

*Goddesses.*—Ah ! the cause is evident. Those very weapons of which Kriçásva, Viçvámitra, and Ráma have successively been the masters, are appearing together with the stupefying arms.

*(A voice behind the scenes.)*—Queen Sítá ! we salute thee, for to these two sons do we resort, as spake the king the descendant of Raghu on beholding the picture.

*Sítá.*—Auspiciously do the weapon-gods flash upon my sight.

*Lakshmana.*—My noble brother said—“ They shall certainly now attend upon thy offspring.”

*Ráma.*—Honour to you, excellent arms, we are fortunate on account of your favouring us—when thought of you must attend upon the two boys, good luck be with you.

The waves of grief broken by the confluence of astonishment and joy, being agitated, make my state now passing wonderful.

*The two Goddesses.*—Rejoice daughter ! Thy sons have now become equal to Rámabhadra.

*Sítá.*—Adorable goddesses ! who shall perform for these the ceremonies necessary for Kshatriyas ?

*Râma.*—Lo Sítá, who has augmented the race of these Rághavas protected by Vaçishtha, alas ! even she does not find one to perform the sacraments for her sons.

*Gangá.*—Oh my daughter, what need is there of this thought ? For as soon as they are weaned, we two shall commit these children to the care of the reverend Válmíki. He will perform for them all that is needful for a Kshatriya. Válmíki is even like the two *rishis*, Vaçishtha and Ángirasa,<sup>1</sup> being the priest of both the two families, that of Raghu and that of Janaka.

*Râma.*—A happy thought of the adorable goddess.

*Lakshmana.*—My noble brother, I tell thee the truth ; I recognize the boys Kuça and Lava as thy sons by these several characteristics. For these two, possessing the weapons from their birth, of heroic mould, had the ceremonies performed for them by the *muni* Válmíki, and are now twelve years old.

*Râma.*—My dear brother, in the consideration of this my heart wavers to and fro, and I am stupefied.

*Earth.*—Come, my daughter, sanctify by thy presence the regions below the earth.

*Râma.*—Ah my dear one, thou art gone to another world.

*Sítá.*—Let my mother take me to a long rest in her bosom. I am not able to endure the so terrible vicissitudes of the world of living beings.

*Râma.*—What will the answer be ?

*Earth.*—I bid thee wait until thy two sons are weaned, afterwards do as it shall seem good to thee.

*Gangá.*—So be it.

[*Exeunt Gangá, Earth, and Sítá.*]

*Râma.*—What ! has the death of Sítá actually taken place ? Ah queen ! Ah dear companion in my sojourn in the Dandaká wood ! Ah goddess of virtue ! Art thou gone to another world ? (*He sroons away.*)

*Lakshmana.*—Help, reverend Válmíki ! Is this<sup>2</sup> the object of thy poem ?

<sup>1</sup> Çatánanda.

<sup>2</sup> Namely, to make the king faint.

(*A voice behind the scenes*).—Let the musical instruments be removed. Oh mortal living creatures, with movable and immovable beings, behold; a sanctifying wonder has been ordered by the reverend and great rishi Válmíki.

*Lakshmana (observing)*.—The water of Gangá is agitated as if with a churning stick, and the sky is crowded with divine *rishis*. Wonderful! the noble queen together with the goddesses Gangá and Earth rise from the water.

(*Again a voice behind the scenes*).—Arundhatí, worthy of the world's reverence, do a favour to us Gangá and Earth, we hereby commit to thee Sítá thy daughter-in-law, faithful to her vows.

*Lakshmana*.—Marvellous is this sight, marvellous indeed! Look! look! Alas even now my noble brother does not recover consciousness.

*Enter Arundhatí and Sítá.*

*Arundhatí*.—Hasten dear princess of Videha, abandon thy natural bashfulness; come recall to life my darling with hand of which the touch is dear.

*Sítá (coming up in an agitated manner and touching Ráma)*.—Let my husband recover consciousness.

*Ráma (recovering his senses with a joyful expression)*.—Ha! what is this? (*after beholding the queen, with joy and astonishment*.) What! the queen? (*with a bashful smile*) My mother, Arundhatí, and all the revered ones, together with Rishyaçringa and Çántá rejoicing.

*Arundhatí*.—My son! here is this tutelary divinity of the house of Bhagírátha, the propitious Gangá.

*Gangá*.—Lord of the world, Rámabhadra, remember thy address to me when thou wast looking at the picture,—“Do thou, Oh Mother, be careful to think kindly upon Sítá, according to right, even as Arundhatí behaves to her daughter-in-law.” In this respect I have done my duty.

*Arundhatí*.—There is thy mother-in-law the adorable Earth.

(*A voice behind the scenes*).—And thou didst say, Oh prince, (may thy days be many) when thou did'st abandon my darling Sítá,—“Oh revered mother Earth, look with pity upon thy

honourable daughter Jánakí." Since that time I have performed the command of my dear son and lord.

*Ráma.*—How can it be that, after committing a great crime, I am still pitied by the revered goddesses? (*He prostrates himself before them.*)

*Arundhatí.*—Ho ! ho ! citizens and country-people, may this queen Sítá, daughter-in-law of the race of the Sun, sprung from a sacrifice to the gods, who has been committed to me Arundhatí with such words of praise by the revered Gangá and Earth, and whose chaste behaviour was before established by the adorable fire, and who was praised by the immortals together with Brahmá, be received or not? What think you, gentlemen?

*Lakshmana.*—The subjects having been thus reproved by the revered Arundhatí, and the whole collection of creatures<sup>1</sup> do obeisance to the noble queen, and the guardians of the world and the seven *Rishis* worship her with showers of blossoms.

*Arundhatí.*—*Rámachandra*, lord of earth ! Appoint according to law thy beloved, the sanctifying original of the golden image,<sup>2</sup> as fellow-worshipper with thee in the sacrifice.

*Sítá (to herself).*—My husband knows how to remove the grief of Sítá.

*Ráma.*—It shall be as the reverend mother commands.

*Lakshmana.*—I have attained the object of my life.

*Sítá.*—I am restored to life.

*Lakshmana.*—Noble queen ! Lo the shameless Lakshmana offers thee his homage.

*Sítá.*—Dear prince, though thou be such,<sup>3</sup> live long.

<sup>1</sup> Indra, Agni, Yama, Súrya, Varuna, Pavana or Váyu, Kuvera, Soma or Chandra. Indra is the guardian of the East, Agni of the South-East, and so on.

<sup>2</sup> Tarkavágiṇa takes it—"of holy nature, in the place of the golden image."

<sup>3</sup> Though thou wert so cruel as to abandon me in the forest.

*Arundhati*.—Reverend Válmiki,<sup>1</sup> let Kuça and Lava, the two sons sprung from the womb of Sítá, be led to Rámabhadrá.

[*Exit Arundhati*.]

*Ráma and Lakshmana* (*having beheld them*).—Fortunately it is as we thought.

*Sítá* (*bewildered and weeping*).—Where then are my sons?

*Enter Válmiki with Kuça and Lava*.

*Válmiki*.—Dear boys, Kuça and Lava! here is Ráma your father, Lakshmana your youngest uncle, the queen Sítá your mother, here is the royal sage Janaka your maternal grandfather.

*Sítá* (*looking at him with joy, pity, and astonishment*).—What! my father?

*Kuça and Lava*.—Oh father! oh mother! oh grandfather!

*Ráma* (*embracing them joyfully*).—Indeed, boys, you have been obtained by merit.

*Sítá*.—Come son Kuça, come son Lava, again, after a long time, embrace your mother, who has entered upon a second life.

*The Princes* (*having done so*).—Happy are we.

*Sítá* (*addressing Válmiki*).—Revered one, I adore thee.

*Válmiki*.—Daughter, mayest thou long continue in thy present state of happiness.

*Sítá*.—Oh Mother! my father, the spiritual guide of the family, my mother-in-law, the noble princess Čántá, the propitious feet of my husband, together with Lakshmana, and Kuça, and Lava, are beheld at the same time, therefore I am full of joy.

(*A noise behind the scenes*.)

*Válmiki* (*rising up and looking*).—The lord of Mathurá has arrived having slain Lavana.

*Lakshmana*.—Fortunate events bring other such in their train.

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<sup>1</sup> Some take it—invest Kuça and Lava, the sons of Rámabhadrá, with the sacred thread.

*Rāma*.—Though experiencing all this I cannot bring myself to believe it; however this is the nature of prosperous occurrences.

*Vālmīki*.—Speak Rāmabhadra ! What further service can I do to please thee ?

*Rāma*.—Is there any pleasing service possible beside what is already done ? Nevertheless let this take place.

7.20 May this very lay purify from sins and increase blessings, being auspicious and charming like the mother of the world and like Gangā, may wise men behold this poem of Vālmīki, the poet of ripe wisdom, who knows the verbal revelation of Brahmā, while it has its true character brought out by acting.<sup>1</sup>

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

*Here ends the Seventh Act, called Union.*

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<sup>1</sup> Or as it stands in Tarkavāgīṇa's edition : " As for this lay, which purifies from sin and increases blessings, which is auspicious and charming like the mother of the world and like Gangā, let wise men, taking different parts, illustrate this same with acting—this utterance of the poet of ripe wisdom knowing the verbal revelation of Brahmā." The poet is Vālmīki or Bhavabhūti.

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